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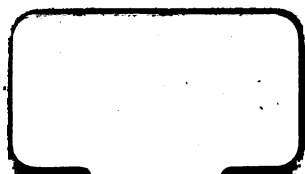
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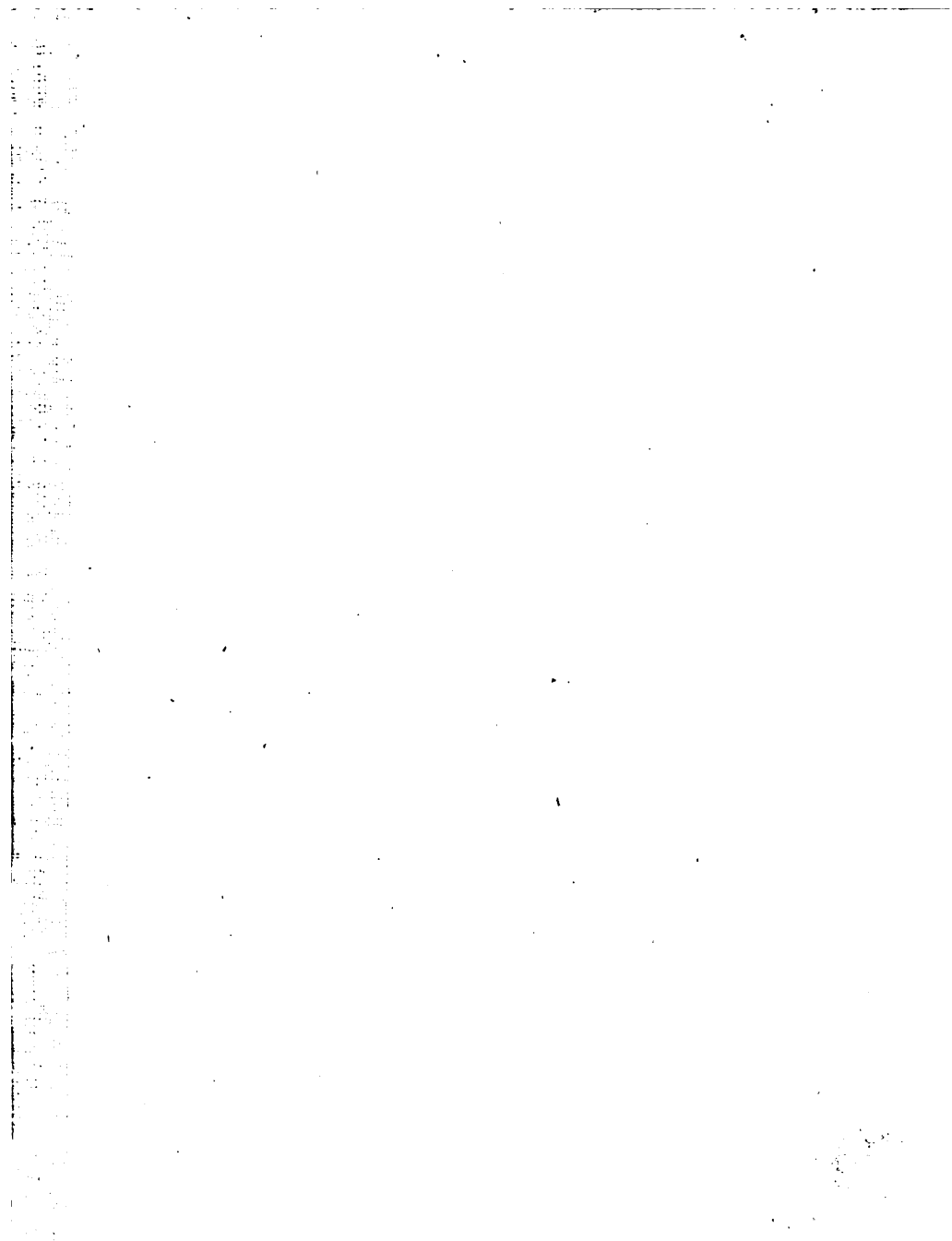
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Social Service

**in The
Salvation
Army.**

**With an Introduction by
General Booth.**

**LONDON.
WINTER, 1903.**

★ **Hon. Joseph H. Choate,**

& Mar. 1903

Social Service

in

The Salvation Army.



With an Introduction by
¹⁰¹¹
GENERAL BOOTH.

LONDON :

101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

1903.

E.L.

(Social)
ZYLC

THE SUM OF . . .

£38,500

IS NEEDED, AS FOLLOWS, DURING 1904 FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF

THE SOCIAL OPERATIONS,

And is earnestly asked for, the Work being entirely dependent upon
voluntary assistance.

THE CITY COLONIES.

For the Work amongst Outcast Men and Women in London and Provincial Towns, including Shelters for Men, Women, and Children, Homes for Ex-Criminals, Rescue Homes, etc.	£13,500
For Maintenance and Extension of the Slum Sisterhood, and for Nursing amongst the Sick Poor	£2,500
For Prison-Gate and Prison Visitation and other Work amongst Criminals	£3,000
For the Samaritan Work and Special Distress Agencies	£2,000

THE INDUSTRIAL LAND COLONY.

For Development of the various Industrial and Agricultural Departments	£6,000
For Assistance and partial Maintenance of the Unemployed and Inefficient	£3,500
For Assisting suitable Men and Women to Emigrate	£1,500
For Extension of other Industries and Commencing New Work	£4,000
For General Management and Supervision of all the above Operations	£2,500
Total	<u>£38,500</u>

*Cheques and Postal Orders should be made payable to William Booth,
crossed "Bank of England, Law Courts Branch," and addressed to
Mrs. Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.*

☆ Hon. Joseph H. Choate,

Mar. 1906.

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THE following Table shows the Number of Institutions now in operation, and of the Workers engaged in them:—

SUMMARY OF SOCIAL OPERATIONS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

	No. of INSTITUTIONS.		
	Gt. Britain.	Abroad.	Total.
Children's Homes	2	35	37
Rescue Homes	25	95	120
Ex-Criminals' Homes	1	15	16
Food and Shelter Depots	24	145	169
Labour Bureaux	11	13	24
„ Factories	11	47	58
Farm Colonies	1	12	13
Other Social Institutions..	10	46	56
Total Institutions	85	408	493
Slum Posts	44	84	128

Total number of Officers and Cadets engaged in Social Work, 1,725.

**A FEW FIGURES SHOWING SOME OF THE WORK OF THE
DARKEST ENGLAND SCHEME IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.**

	TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1902.	DURING 1903.	TOTAL TO SEPT. 30, 1903.
Number of Meals supplied at Cheap Food Depots	35,263,391	3,381,105	38,644,496
Number of Cheap Lodgings for the Homeless	15,661,892	1,325,056	16,986,948
Number of Meetings held in Shelters	99,242	5,655	104,897
Amount of Cash received from the people for Food and Lodgings	£398,610 6 4½	£32,639 15 0	£431,250 1 4½
Number of Applications from Unemployed registered at Labour Bureaux	147,516	12,863	160,379
Number received into Factories	34,300	4,872	39,172
Number for whom Employment (temporary or permanent) has been found	122,111	14,062	136,173
Number of Ex-Criminals received into Homes	5,790	732	6,522
Number of Ex-Criminals passed through Homes, restored to friends, sent to situations, &c.	3,683	266	3,949
Number of Applications for Lost Persons	27,624	1,728	29,352
Number of Lost Persons Found	10,841	283	11,124
Number of Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes ..	25,129	2,211	27,340
Number of Women and Girls received into Rescue Homes who were sent to Situations, Restored to Friends, &c. ..	20,839	1,855	22,694
Number of Families visited in Slums	255,827	121,596	377,423
Number of Families prayed with	169,429	64,089	233,518
Number of Public Houses visited	241,854	60,445	302,299
Number of Lodging - houses visited	1,595	1,300	2,895
Number of Lodging-house Meetings held	1,150	676	1,826
Number of Sick People visited and nursed	10,916	11,876	22,792

"In The Salvation Army's practical dealings with the social problems, it at once discriminates among people in distress, the difference between those who must remain permanently inefficient, and those who may attain or regain actively useful positions in the community. Alcoholism, vice, disease, weak physical organisation, defects of intellect or sanity reproduce hereditary deterioration if permitted to do so; and how this is to be dealt with is one of the great problems of future humanity. The Salvation Army, however, in the courage of its spiritual faith, refuses to classify any individual case short of insanity as irreclaimable, therein differing in its tenets from the ideas of lay criminologists. In its comprehensive efforts to reclaim, The Army performs most valuable work in sorting from the habitually criminal and vicious those whose presence among social outcasts may be only due to such a lapse under our uneven social code as a woman's indiscretion, or some other venial offence, and whose general character, capacity, and antecedents render it quite incorrect to class them as inefficient."—(*His Excellency Major-General Sir Herbert Chermiside, G.C.M.G., Governor of Queensland.*)

INTRODUCTORY.

BY GENERAL BOOTH.

THE perusal of the following pages will, I think, give some idea of the extent of the work, which, by means of its Social efforts, The Salvation Army is doing to combat the misery around us. I hope also that our friends may gather from these "Letters" some idea of the spirit, as well as the methods, of the devoted men and women who are carrying it on.

Varying our usual custom of issuing an Annual Report more or less devoted to Statistical reviews, or to descriptions of the work by other persons than those engaged in it, we have here printed letters from the workers themselves—letters, in which the writers tell, in their own way, something of their own feelings and hopes, of their toils and tears, while engaged in the great task they have in hand.

In such a warfare with vice and misery, the

personal equation, if not everything, is, it will generally be admitted, very much. Deeds, be they ever so noble, or so kindly, and plans, no matter how wise and beneficent, do not carry us very far in this undertaking unless there be in them a sympathy, a spirit, a life-sap which can only originate in the hearts of the workers themselves.

Just as light is the best remedy for darkness and all its gloomy train of consequences, so love—simple, hopeful, sanctified love—is, after all, the chief weapon against human misery and woe, no matter what forms they take, or in what fields they appear.

To see, therefore, what manner of men and women they are who stand in the forefront of what is now generally regarded as a notable effort in the field of Social reclamation, cannot but be of interest to all who care for the world's happiness; to see them a little more closely in their places in our wide battle-field as they contend with poverty, vice, and crime will, I think, give some notion, both of the kind of work they do and the character of the results likely to flow from it.

If it is found that they are practical, courageous, determined—if they are possessed by a passion for the recovery of derelict and shipwrecked lives—if they appear to see something to love in the unlovables and unhelpables of human society, and if, seeing it, they do love it, it is probable—at least, I think it is probable—that their work will be considered likely to accomplish something to reduce the sum of misery and to snatch ruined lives and souls from the rocks.

I venture, then, to hope that in one or other, or in all of these Letters will be found considerable light on the questions here suggested. The writers are not imaginary beings; they are very decidedly creatures of flesh and blood. I do not set them up as perfect in any sense; they are just plain people, conscious of [their own limitations and infirmities, but their lives have been consecrated to a great and benevolent end, and their spirits have been touched to fine issues by the refining and empowering presence of the God of Mercy.

It will be seen also, I think, that these Captains of

Social Service are no mean successors of the Apostles. They also are pioneers of a religion that calls them to labour with their own hands; of a faith that makes them gentle among the rebellious, the false, and the cruel; that sends them to the thieves, the covetous, the drunkards, the revilers, the extortioners of our modern life with the truth about their wickedness, and that brings them down into touch—close, intimate, personal touch—with the outcast, and forlorn, and broken, and carries a ray of hope into the dark night of bitterness and despair. Indeed, religion means to them, not merely the purification of motive and the rectification of life for themselves, but it involves the whole disposal of life for the service of others. They are not only servants of God and servants of The Salvation Army, but the servants of all who suffer, of all whose burdens break them down, of all whose hunger and homelessness and friendlessness is but the outward sign of that great famine of love and hope which devastates the heart.

This, then, is an aspect of our work for the poor which should, it seems to me, commend it to all classes,

INTRODUCTION.

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to all Churches—nay, to all who feel in any measure, the common instincts of humanity. We serve you all in going down to grapple with misery, not only by way of alleviating its effects and outcome, and staunching some of its wounds, but by attacking its sources and causes.

The writers of the Letters in this Booklet are not afraid of the distorted visions of human anguish in the presence of which they spend their lives, and they do not shrink from the sacrifice of their own happiness, and of the happiness of their own homes, in order that they may come up with the foe. No one who reads their Letters can fail to see how much of real heart burden they bear for the world; how often their tears and prayers and toils are long in bearing fruit in the wretched lives of the men and women on whom they are bestowed; how often, alas! alas! they appear to have proved fruitless altogether. But these toilers toil on; they try again. They do not know how to leave one lost sheep in the wilderness whom they have once struggled to gather into the fold. They refuse to despair.

This, then, is the watchword for every conflict, and the motto over every harbour of refuge. "Here is offered the service of love for the Unloved and Unlovely," might be written across the doorway of each one of the Shelters for the Homeless, the Cheap Food Depots, the Slum Posts, the Children's Refuges and Homes, the Labour Bureaux, the Inquiry Institutions for Finding Lost Men and Women, the Labour Factories for the Unemployed, the Land Colonies and Colonisation Settlements, the Nursing Institutions, the Industrial Homes for Women, the Hospitals for Deserted Girls, the Prison-Gate Homes, the Homes for the Aged, and other similar Institutions, the Schemes of Mercy in connection with which are all still steadily going forward.

This view of the work secured a few weeks ago a striking testimony from one of the most thoughtful and able public men of the day—the first Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth, who has seen something of our efforts both in this country and at the Antipodes. The Right Hon. Sir Edmund Barton, P.C. (now appointed Chief Justice of Australia),

was presiding at a great meeting in Melbourne, when speaking as Prime Minister he said:—

“The Army, then, has proved itself the friend of all those who, without it, would be friendless. Can a nobler work be conceived? I forbear to consider how many there may be in this room who, finding themselves without help or friends for many a dark day, have found light and strength from the day they knew The Salvation Army. I rejoice with them that, being themselves lifted from the Slough of Despond, they have been courageous and noble enough to lift others out of the same slough.

“It is difficult to single out any one agency from all those beneficent works that you in The Army are doing, but for me there is none more interesting and noble than the work among the boys and girls—a work that appeals to the public man for this reason, that it is an honest effort to prevent the stream of national life from being poisoned at its very source. That such work is valuable goes without saying. How necessary it is, those who, in the course of their public careers, have been brought face to face with the existence of the poisons in social life, which legislation is so feeble to eliminate, can well tell you.

“Look, too, at the Prison-Gate work, which also appears to form a special feature of the operations of The Army. That work, costly as it is, certainly would not be open to the objection that it is in any way pauperising. It represents a true and brave effort to

set on their feet again, not only the criminals, but many who, though cast into jail, may even not yet be criminals. What can a public man say of this, but that it is, apart even from its religious and its elevating tendency, a splendid gain to the community, from the most strictly economic point of view? Every criminal—I put it broadly—every person released from jail, who, by this Army's effort, has been saved from a life of crime, represents a solid saving in money to the State—an important matter, I am reminded, in these days of economy.

“Those agencies to which I have referred, and many others, represent the public side of Salvation Army life and work. Perhaps, however, there is an almost more valuable portion of that work which cannot be told in any report, but which, from the lives and characters of those whom we know in The Army, is being tenderly and benignly done every day—I mean those little nameless, unnumbered acts of kindness and of love, which Wordsworth calls ‘The best portions of a good man's life.’ That is a field which is co-extensive with the whole of the work of The Army. At the prison-gate, in the slums, with the starving, wherever the Salvation Officers and Soldiers' lot is cast, of whatever sex the Soldier is, it is the doing of these acts that, even more than many more substantial, brings rest to the weary and sin-stricken. It is in these that the philanthropic energies of The Salvation Army have found, perhaps,

their highest expression ; and it is by these that more lives than any of us know have been brightened. My sympathies, therefore, are with The Army. I believe in their work most heartily. I fervently wish that work a rich reward of success ; of brightened lives ; of self-respect restored where all appeared to be lost ; of weary misery dispelled, and of citizens turned from vice to lives of happy usefulness.

“This work, going on so busily, taken up with a laborious energy, co-extensive, actually, with its brightness and its cheerfulness, is one to be admired and gloried in by every country in which The Salvation Army exists ; and I commend that Organisation, not only for all the reasons that inspire the devotion and self-sacrifice of its Soldiers, but for its magnificent work, in doing for the State what, perhaps, no other agency has ever been so well able to do.”

For myself, as the years go by, I become more and more convinced of the necessity for our labours, more assured of the wisdom of our methods, see more evidence of the benefits they confer, and become more satisfied that they command the blessing of God.

But, alas ! this means of alleviating human woe, and delivering those who are ready to perish, cannot be maintained, much less extended, as I so much

desire it should be, without a continuance of the generosity of my friends.

A great, and in some ways, an irreparable sorrow has just fallen upon me in the sudden death of a devoted and able Daughter who was singularly united with me in my hopes and plans for helping the poor. I write these words while feeling acutely its poignancy and mystery. But such blows enforce upon me afresh the duty of pressing on with every agency which God may enable me to direct for the assuaging of the griefs and sorrows of those for whom there are so few to plead, and to whom the consolations so widely extended to me are, alas! denied—it may be owing to their own misconduct—but still denied.

And so I plead for them. Will you help me? For the helping hand of the past I am deeply grateful, and for the future I and my comrades in this Christlike toil must still rely upon all who desire to make the lot of the poor and suffering a little easier, and their hope for the future a little brighter.

WILLIAM BOOTH.

LONDON, *November*, 1903.

Contributions may be sent to me at 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

THE WRITERS OF THE LETTERS.

1



2



3



1. ENSIGN MARSH.
2. BRIGADIER BOWN.
3. MAJOR ASPINALL.
4. ADJUTANT BARNARD.
5. LIEUT.-COL. LAMBERT.

4



5



6



7



8



9



10



6. ADJUTANT HILLYER.
7. ADJUTANT HENDERSON.
8. MAJOR ASDELL.
9. STAFF-CAPT. HUDSON.
10. ADJUTANT BELL.



A COLD NIGHT.



HIS ONLY BED.



A SHELTERED CORNER—3 A.M.



WAITING FOR THE SHELTER TO OPEN



HOMELESS MEN AT WORK IN ONE OF OUR ELEVATORS.

I.

THE MEN'S SHELTER.

THE MEN'S SHELTER,
BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.

October, 1903.

MY DEAR SISTER,—A Salvation Army Shelter is much more than the name suggests, and the duties of a Shelter Officer are by no means similar to those of a lodging-house keeper. Although I can state in a sentence what an Army Shelter is *not*, it will require a long letter to explain what it *is*. Take this one—the well-known Blackfriars Shelter—for example.

To begin with, it is the only home that its 428 inmates possess. I write the word “home” advisedly, for every lodger has his breakfast here before he goes out in the morning, and as soon as his day's work is finished he hurries “home” for his supper.

Should a lodger have to go to his work as early as 3 a.m., he will be awakened free of charge, and served with a hot breakfast as soon as he gets up.

Here he mends his boots and washes and dries his clothes. Here he can have a hot bath free of charge,

and the Officer is ready to advise and help him to the best of his ability on all subjects which concern his welfare, whether of health, substance, or of soul. The

**Good to Live
or Die In.**

room he sleeps in is well ventilated, and is comfortably heated in winter by means of steam-pipes. The floor he walks on is scrubbed every day but Sunday; the form he sits on is also scrubbed every morning; and the "bedding" on which he sleeps is daily treated with disinfectant. Altogether, a Salvation Army Shelter is a good place for the homeless man to live in.

It is, moreover, a good place to die in! London is a big city, yet the poor often find it as difficult to get room to die as to live. I can think of, at least, a dozen homeless men who have come into this Shelter for the express purpose of dying here. One man, in particular, dragged himself in here one wintry afternoon, lay down in peace, and within a few minutes had passed away.

The dying man, as well as the homeless one, knows that he will be treated with kindness in an Army Shelter. If a lodger is too ill to go to the doctor, a doctor is brought to him; and if the man is too weak to be moved to the hospital, he is ministered to, to the end. Many such men have seemed to cast themselves on the mercy of God, and have professed salvation when literally at death's door.

Salvation Army Shelters naturally relieve the police of much responsibility and trouble by keeping a great army of homeless men off the streets at night, and consequently out of mischief.

These institutions also make it possible for a man to live honestly on as little as sixpence a day. If there were no Army Shelters, and the cheapest lodging-house charged sixpence for a bed, hundreds of homeless men would be obliged to enter Casual Wards or Workhouses, and there to associate with those still lower than themselves, owing to the fact that they could not hope to regularly earn a shilling a day.

**Living Honestly
on 6d. a Day.**

Our Shelters provide a means whereby a man may live cheaply while looking for work. Many a man, on coming to lodge here, has told me—I believe it to have been the truth—that he had left home for the time being so that his wife and children might have what remained in the house and what friends and neighbours might give them, while he sought work.

I am at present employing a man in this Shelter who has been out of work eighteen weeks. He is only twenty-five years of age, is a qualified plumber, and possesses excellent testimonials. When this man was brought here, nine weeks ago, he was absolutely destitute, and had been without food for forty-eight

hours. His tools he had pawned for food. Since coming here he has written over eighty letters in answer to advertisements, besides applying personally for several situations. Up to the present he has been unsuccessful in his applications for work, but in the Shelter he is sure of food to eat and a bed to sleep on until he does obtain employment. There are hundreds of decent and qualified unemployed men who are as anxious to get work as this one, and who cannot.

No destitute man is ever turned away from our door if there is room for him in the Shelter. It must be stated, however, that such assistance is seldom given during the winter. We never have room. Already (in

**Hundreds
Turned Away.**

October) the Shelter is full by 7.30 p.m., and hundreds of men who are ready to pay for admission have to be turned away.

Many of these poor fellows would gladly sleep on the concrete in the passages rather than walk the streets, but the accommodation of our existing institutions is fixed by the County Council, and we have not the money to build more Shelters.

One of the events of the week at Blackfriars Shelter is the Sunday morning Free Breakfast. It is now two and a-half years since this meeting was started on behalf of the homeless. The average attendance is between four and five hundred, and about a fourth

of these poor fellows are those who spent the previous night on the streets, not having the necessary coppers for a bed. These bedless men are got hold of by a little band of Officers who go into the streets about one o'clock on Sunday mornings, and give tickets of invitation to every destitute and bedless man they meet.

In all, about 65,000 substantial meals have been given away, and at the meetings which follow over 2,500 men have given some evidence of intention to

live better lives. The men who have been thus induced to abandon their sinful habits, and begin to lead sober and industrious lives, have represented all classes of the

community, from ministers to murderers, and from solicitors' clerks to sandwich-men. I have dealt with men who had been educated at the Universities, and with others who had never heard of the thief on the cross, and could neither read nor write or tell how old they were!

The transformation effected in the character and conduct of hundreds of these converts has been nothing short of marvellous. Whenever I think of this aspect of the subject, my mind recalls so many men who came to us destitute, and are now in good positions, that I find it difficult to select one or two as illustrations.

There was a schoolmaster, for instance, who was spending a Saturday night on the streets when he

**65,000
Breakfasts.**

**Penniless and
Starving.**

met a Salvationist who invited him to the Free Breakfast meeting. This man was penniless and literally starving, so was glad to avail himself of this opportunity of obtaining a meal. He came to the meeting, was much impressed, and got converted. Having expressed a desire to obtain work, he was offered employment as a scrubber in this very Shelter, and gladly accepted it. Now, he is master in a public-school where lads are educated for the universities.

This man called at the Shelter the other day—"just to have a look at the old place," he said. In appearance, as in ability, he holds his own amongst his associates. Yet he was once so poor that he gladly accepted a free meal, and even when he left us, had to be provided with clothing and linen before he could go to the situation which he had obtained.

A commercial traveller, who frequently speaks from the platform of this Shelter, is another case in point. He was once a bank manager, and a personal friend of the King's son-in-law. Drink robbed him of all he possessed, and although an exceptionally clever man, he became undoubtedly one of the worst drunkards in Glasgow. He was an inebriate for twenty-three years; has tumbled off the top of a tramway car while drunk, and been reported by two evening papers as being fatally injured while helplessly intoxicated.

**Given up by
Friends.**

This man came to the Free Breakfast meeting when all his friends had lost hope, yet on going to the penitent-form he was delivered from the bondage of drink in a moment. For nearly two years he has not tasted liquor, and he is now, as I have already said, a commercial traveller, and is doing well.

But the spiritual work done in an Army Shelter is not, by any means, confined to Sundays. Believing, as we do, that the circumstances of the homeless cannot be greatly improved unless they are themselves improved, morally and spiritually, we are constantly keeping salvation before them. Four nights a week we have cheerful meetings in the Shelter, and every night the men are prayed with before they retire to rest.

When a man is friendless, his heart is often wonderfully soft and receptive, and every week a good number profess conversion in these night meetings.

This change is almost invariably followed by a marked improvement in the man's circumstances. Only last night I had a visit from a man who regularly slept in a twopenny bunk in this Shelter for eighteen months before he got converted one week-night. As soon as this happened he became possessed with a desire to improve his position, and within three months this loafer had obtained a situation as a railway constable in London. He now lives in his own rooms.

Some time ago I was specially interested in the case of a German schoolmaster who came to London from New York. Here he got into bad company, and soon squandered every penny he had in drink and gambling. When brought to the Shelter, the German was absolutely destitute; but we took him in, and gave him work that would, at least, provide him with

**Alding an
Allen.**

food and shelter. One night this man got converted, and when his friends in New York were subsequently communicated with, they wrote expressing how grateful they were to learn that the young man was in The Salvation Army's safe keeping, and enclosing sufficient money to pay his passage to America.

Another man had left his wife in the North of England, and come to London without giving her any idea of where he was going. In this case, as in the case of many others, he was provided with employment after his conversion, and was ultimately enabled to provide a home for his wife, who rejoined him.

Another case was that of an educated man, who had become addicted to drink, and lost his position. When he appealed to us for help, he was penniless, and had his two little boys with him. Although this man was unable to pay for a bed, we took him in, and also provided for his children. I subsequently took him aside, and pointed out to him the only

way by which he could be delivered from the desire for strong drink, which was destroying him, and ruining his children, and urged him to give himself to God.

The result was that he obtained a situation in a large publishing firm, and got a home for his wife and children in this neighbourhood. In order to tide him over until he got his first week's wages, we provided him with several parcels of groceries. I believe he is still doing well.

Commissioner Sturgess is constantly devising improvements in our Institutions for Men, and Blackfriars Shelter is as nearly perfect as it can be under the special circumstances. From time to time I have had the pleasure of showing distinguished visitors—many of them public men well known in one part of the world or another—round the Institution, and they invariably expressed themselves as delighted with the prevailing order and cleanliness.

Being the servant of all, a Shelter Officer must be a sort of spiritual handy-man. I work from 8 a.m.

**Preacher and
Scrubber.**

to 10 p.m., seven days a week, and have, as necessity arises, to preach the Gospel, and scrub the poor fellow who has not been washed for years! After seeing that this man's clothing is properly cremated, I am liable to be called away to pray with someone in the

neighbourhood who is dying. I have had to deal with men who have been mad with drink, and suffering from *delirium tremens*; have personally restored wife-deserters to their families, and runaway boys to their parents. I have to be able to start a chorus, lead a meeting, accompany a soloist on my instrument, doctor and poultice sick lodgers, direct the preparation of suitable food, conduct correspondence for my men, deal with runaways, put some heart into the hopeless, and get men converted to God.

I love my work. I feel it to be of infinite value to the men, and of the highest importance to the community.

Your affectionate Brother,

ROBERT WILLIAM BELL, .
Adjutant.

II.

THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

THE WOMEN'S SHELTER AND METROPOLE,
LONDON, E.

October, 1903.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is no easy matter to put a year's Shelter news into one letter, even though it be a long one; but I will try, at any rate, to give you some idea of the world we live in, and I assure you it is a very different world from that occupied by "the other half."

My personal knowledge of Army Shelter work has been gained in America and London. The Women's Shelter at Hanbury Street exists chiefly for the comfort and help of *old* women—that class whom so few seem to care to help.

When one thinks of one's own old folks, and the tender care they need—how they must be kept warm, and must never fatigue themselves, or go about alone—one shudders to remember that equally frail old women, with tottering limbs and failing sight, are jostled about

all day long in great City streets, having to stand for hours on their aching feet, offering matches or shoe-laces for sale, and with no one to care for them, and no place to call or think about as "home."

Some of them, probably, have reached this condition through their own fault, but a greater number are suffering from sheer misfortune, bereavement, or the neglect of those who should care for them.

And how they learn to love the Shelter! It becomes truly home to them. Think what a privilege they feel it, only to have an address to which a letter can be sent! We have a little window opening on the entry hall, inside which letters are put up, so that the women can see and ask for them as they pass in. What stories I could tell you about those letters! Here is one. A young man who, by tramping a long way from home in search of work, while his mother, who was rather addicted to drink, was left to manage as she could, lost sight of her altogether. He got work, and then, coming back to seek her, found she was gone. He happened to go to an Army meeting, and to hear there of our Women's Shelter, and—just a bow at a venture—he wrote to me, in case I might know her, enclosing a letter for his mother and his photograph.

The poor old woman did come to the Shelter one day, and you may imagine her joy when she opened

**Longing for
Letters.**

that letter, and saw the face of her long-lost son. As a result of the meetings and influence of the Officers she gave up the drink, and when, later, her son got married she went to live with him again, and has written since to tell me how comfortable and happy she is.

Two sisters who had not met for twenty years found each other here, also, a little time ago. They had once

**Found after
Many Days.**

lived together, then both had married, and the husband of the one treated her so badly that they were parted, while the husband of the other went off suddenly and left her. Number two, whom we will call Jessie, went in search of her husband, and failing to find him, knocked about the country, getting odd jobs of charing, etc. Drifting back to London, later on, she went in search of her sister, and was told she was dead. Miserable and lonely, she presently lost her work also, and was penniless and starving, when somebody sent her to an Army Captain, who heard her story, gave her a good meal, and sent her to me. She worked so well here that we soon made her a "cleaner;" and one day one of the Lieutenants said to her, "Jessie, there's someone so like you who comes in here often." But somehow the two did not meet till they had been sleeping under the same roof for two weeks. Then it was quite by accident. As the scrubber was

going to her work she came face to face with a pair of eyes she had not looked into for twenty years, and yet recognised. "I think I know you," said one of them. Then they had a good look at each other, jumped to the truth, and embraced with joyful tears. They have been away hopping together this autumn, and now with their savings propose to take a room, and make home again, as in the days that are gone, and start laundry work.

I said that the Shelter was chiefly for the old women, and so it is. They spend their days at a variety of employments, which include selling crochet-work or iron-holders—made here in the evenings—

**Home for the
Homeless.**

shelling peas or walnuts, picking over fruit, mending umbrellas, carrying baskets about the markets, or scrubbing. They are generally so old and poorly dressed and dirty looking that they cannot get employment in any but the very roughest houses, and often an old woman will scrub all day long for a few pence only. Many have to sally forth in the small hours of the morning to reach the distant markets in time. When, after an unsuccessful day, they come in the evenings without the necessary twopence for their bunk, we trust them, and it is wonderful how careful they are to pay up. They do so appreciate our confidence.

One of the most pitiful of things is to see a woman who has once had a good home—such as a lawyer's wife we have here, who was parted from her husband because she drank so—in the state of dirt and rags as that she has reached. This poor thing would not be recognised as ever having been a lady, unless she began to speak. Her skirt is up to her boot-tops, and all jagged at the edge. She wears an old faded light jacket, and a hat quite out of shape through frequent wettings, though it was once a good one. When we took our women for an outing recently, somebody in the car attacked The Army, saying that this

**Standing up
for The Army.**

was no more than we ought to do, as we had plenty of money. The lawyer's wife spoke up, and said: "So have other denominations, but The Salvation Army speculate theirs over such folks as we are! They are very kind to us, and all I have to say is, 'God bless them!'"

We get many women, too, who are the wives of respectable working men, but have ruined their homes and worn out their husbands' patience with their drinking habits. Such a woman comes to us. We give her cleaning to do, and try to get her really converted, and then to effect a reconciliation.

Then there are cases of sheer misfortune or improvidence who want tiding over a bad time. For

instance, quite a respectable young man and wife with two children came here lately. He had been a good tradesman, earning regular money, but living up to it. Then work got short, hands were turned off, and he amongst them. This was just before the birth of their second child. Gradually the home was sold up—the doctor's bill, etc., had to be met—and, all his efforts to get work proving vain, they went on tramp. Late one night they strayed into a Salvation Army Hall, and

**No Food for
Baby.**

the Officer, speaking to them and learning of their condition, gave them a little help, and sent them here. It was three days since they had tasted food, except one small piece of dry bread. Think of it! That poor woman, walking about all day, nursing her little baby, and with nothing to eat herself!

I told the husband we would take care of his family while he went to seek work, and oh! he *was* grateful. He lodged at the Men's Shelter, and presently found something to do, and as soon as he had taken one week's pay he found a room, and came for his wife. The wife had professed conversion during her stay with us, and I shall visit them in their little home, and quite expect they will become good Salvation Soldiers.

We are able to help so many by giving them cleaning to do in the Shelter. In this way a woman can climb to a better position. While they are our cleaners



NIGHT OFFICER CALLING SLEEPERS IN SHELTER.



COACH-MENDING AND PAINTING IN THE ELEVATOR.



FREE SOUP TO THE HOMELESS IN LONDON AT 2 A.M.



EAST END SALVATION HALL TURNED INTO A TEMPORARY SHELTER.

they live in the Shelter, and nearly always get truly saved, and after three months they move up into the Metropole, a better class of lodging reserved only for cleaners, where they have beds instead of bunks, and receive a little pay, so that they can get some clothes, and be ready for any situations or regular employment which we can secure for them. We move them on in this way as soon as they are ready, and so make room for others.

When a girl who is a case for the Rescue Home applies to us we keep her for a night or two, and get her cleaned up, and then hand her over to the Mare Street Receiving House.

A young girl came to us late one Saturday night who would almost certainly have been ruined had she not met a friendly policeman who guided her here. She had come up from the country with the young man with whom she was keeping company, to spend

**A Sensible
Policeman.**

a week in London. He had asked her, and she had agreed quite unsuspectingly, but at the London station he—perhaps repenting of his evil designs—gave her the slip, a scarcely less cruel thing to do. She wandered about, frightened and miserable, having only enough money to pay her journey home, which it was too late to make that night. Finally, she asked a policeman what she had better do, telling him her

position, and he directed her to the Shelter. We welcomed her in, cared for and dealt with her, and took her to an Army meeting on Sunday morning, where she sought salvation. She went home to her parents on Sunday afternoon, leaving us with tearful eyes and every expression of deep gratitude. The sight of the women at the Shelter had made her realise what she might have drifted to, but for God's timely aid.

It is not the easiest matter to get an *old* woman changed by salvation, but this wonder does take place in many cases. Sometimes, when it seems that all our efforts are proving fruitless, we are gladdened at the last. One old woman, who had walked about when too ill to be out of bed, at last dropped in the street, and was taken to the Infirmary. She was put

**Friends In
Need.**

on the "dangerous list," and on being asked if she had any friends, replied, "Yes; the Salvation Sisters at the Hanbury Street Shelter." So we were sent for, and as she caught sight of an Officer in uniform approaching, the dying woman exclaimed, with such a bright face: "O Sister, I just wanted to let you know that while I've been lying here everything I've heard in the meetings has come up before me, and I've given myself to my God. I wanted to tell you I'm saved!" We were encouraged.

Another woman, while lying sick in the Infirmary, said to the Officer who visited her :—

“Oh, you don't know what the meetings are to us women. Many a time we come in disheartened and discouraged, after trying all day to earn something and not succeeding ; and the meeting does cheer us up, and help us to face the next day's struggle.”

You ask whether we get the Shelter full? Indeed we do. We put bunks down between the seats in the dining-room now, every night, so as to get in a few more. But if we had room for 376 instead of 276 how thankful we should be, and we could deal with all with very little more labour.

**A Full House
Every Night.**

If you could have heard the women pleading last winter, during those dreadful nights, to be allowed to just come inside, and sit down after all our sleeping space was filled, you would understand what we feel as we think of the approaching cold season.

I am sometimes asked how I can love such dirty people as our lodgers are. To this I reply, firstly, that nobody can help these people who does *not* love them ; and, secondly, that we aim at making them clean, and certainly succeed in doing something towards this end. All who have ever *been* clean are glad to become so again, even though, through poverty, sickness, and despair they have sunk to the dirtiest depths.

One day a young foreigner, studying medicine in England, passed a woman sitting on a doorstep, clothed in rags and covered with vermin. Full of pity, he pondered as to what he could do to help her, and inquiring for the nearest Salvation Army place, was directed here. He asked us to send and fetch her, explaining where she was, and said he would call again and meet all expenses. She was sent for, and fed, and

**Employment
for Angels.**

then an Officer, who had never done quite so difficult a job before, volunteered to clean her. The odour was past describing, and the task of clipping off her matted and swarming hair, removing her terrible clothes, and instantly burning the whole, and then getting her into a hot, soapy bath, was really worthy of the poor creature's grateful ejaculations: "Oh, but, my dear, you're an *angel*! God Almighty bless you, my dear! But to think of you being willing to do this for *me*! Yes, you are surely an angel!"

When the business was over, and the poor creature, who had thought herself nearly dying, was clothed in clean and whole garments, all she could say was—"Oh, but I *do* feel better. I feel so light. I think I could really put new feet in those stockings now, my dear," referring to a pair produced from the old clothes stores, which badly needed such repairing. She was a woman who had seen better days, but sudden

death had robbed her of husband and sons almost together, and she had lost home and possessions and heart together, and simply drifted to vagrancy.

Why, they are *thankful* to have the chance of becoming what they regard as clean. Their standards vary, of course, but the worst of my women have *some* use for soap and water. When our new wash-house was finished it was hailed with the greatest delight

**Glad to be
Clean.**

by all the lodgers. They wash out their aprons and bits of clothes, hang them to dry outside in summer, or round the stove in winter, and perform their own

ablutions in a most wonderful way when one remembers how they *have* lived.

What I tell you of Hanbury Street applies practically to all our other Shelters. Major Simmons, who has had several years' experience at Dundee, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, finds that the same love and patience and care devoted to needy Scottish women produce the same gratifying results. Lodging-houses, prisons, and police courts are visited by the Shelter and Metropole Officers in the Provinces; drunkards and harlots are drawn into the Salvation net by means of the Shelters; and for stories—well, the Major can tell some that are more thrilling than any I have to record. The police and magistrates of those great Scottish cities have the greatest respect for The Army, and

work into our Officers' hands most happily. Many a "first offender" is handed over to The Army instead of being imprisoned, and sometimes a very case-hardened drunkard is "given a chance" at the Shelter by the magistrate's suggestion, to see whether she will not reform under our care.

One poor woman, whose life of fearful immorality led her to an early grave, ended her career in the Shelter at —, and died cleansed and forgiven, with one plea on her lips—that her little ten-year-old girl might be kept and brought up by The Army. This was granted, and the child goes happily to school, regarding the Shelter as her home, and possessing no other ambition than to be an Officer by-and-by.

Yours in the service of the poor,

EMMA JANE BOWN,
Brigadier.

III.

THE LABOUR BUREAU.

22, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, E.

October, 1903.

M^Y DEAR SON,—The Army's Central Labour Bureau in this country is at Whitechapel, and is recognised more than at any previous time during its remarkable history as being a centre to which the workless masses of London and the Provinces gravitate. Here, during any week-day, may be seen a hungry and wistful-looking crowd of skilled and unskilled artisans, many of them husbands and fathers. How patiently they wait, in grim and silent lines; many of them a prey to a flood of conflicting emotions. There is nothing like hunger to quicken the imagination. How well I know the look of hopeless misery which passes over the faces of big brave fellows like a black cloud as the vision of a foodless and fireless home flits through their minds! With what trembling eagerness they step forward when the opportunity is afforded them! How readily and promptly the questions are answered! Here they are

often seen and heard to advantage, for the pangs of hunger sharpen the wits of even the dullest amongst them.

During every hour of the working day interviews are proceeding. It would surprise the ordinary visitor to observe the great amount of really effective work that is got through. Inquiries are made, difficulties grappled with, and problems solved on the spot, to an extent, and with a despatch, which only long and wide experience has made possible.

I find that, as a rule, the genuine unemployed are prepared to do anything, and make any sacrifice to get a fair chance in the glutted markets of labour. Despite the whirl and rush of dealing with the endless stream of applicants, I should be hard, indeed, if I could

**Crying for
Work.**

witness unmoved the involuntary stretching forth of strong horny hands, and hear the hoarsely-uttered and constantly-repeated cry for work—work—work. Paradoxical though it may seem, the curse of the Fall is regarded by them as one of the greatest blessings. They crave their right to earn bread for themselves and their little ones by the sweat of their brow. We are helping them to do this. To use a well-known metaphor, we stand between the outstretched hands of capital and labour, and bring them together in a brotherly clasp for their mutual good. That our efforts

in this direction have met with considerable success is beyond question, and a cause for much thanksgiving.

I shall endeavour in this letter to convey some idea of the character of the work, together with some interesting figures, as well as an incident or two illustrative of the numbers who have been recruited from the ranks of the unemployed and transferred to the regiments of labour. Surely none but those who are dealing with this vital problem can form any proper idea of the many great difficulties which have to be confronted and overcome, not the least being the large percentage of men we are called upon to help, compared with the number of employers who co-operate with us in our effort to do so.

The sad circumstances of the applicant often call for prompt measures to be taken. There is no question

Temporal v. Permanent Help.
--

of our being imposed upon, for until we have assured ourselves by immediate investigation of the truth of the statements made, we do not, as a rule, give temporal help, unless it is to supply a meal to the half-fainting out-of-work we may be interviewing. The stories we have listened to of late reveal an appalling condition of things. Almost every department of labour is represented among those who ask for help—from the burly giant who earned his living at the docks until the shipping trade began to fail, to the tall, thin, shabby-

**Getting the
Bailiffs out.**

genteel man of forty-five, who was ousted from his clerkship by youthful competitors. Tales of misfortune, ill-health, lost character, mistaken steps, and dismal failure are poured into our ears until, unless we believed in God, and saw what has already been actually accomplished, we should be driven to despair. Sometimes we find work for a man, and then discover that his tools are in pawn. These are redeemed at once. Another tells us that the bailiffs are in his home, demanding outstanding rent; while still another is distressed because his furniture—which has been purchased on the hire system—is to be removed that day because his payments are in arrears.

It may here be said, to the credit of the various landlords and furnishing companies, that, when we have told them that we were endeavouring to set the man on his legs, they have generally allowed their demands to stand over for a time. Worst of all is the story, told with quivering lip and face awork, of wife and children starving. In such cases an Officer is sent at once with a parcel of food and other necessities to keep the wolf from the door.

If the applicant is a single man, the difficulties of his case are materially lessened. Failing an outside situation, we may find temporary work for him until we have time to look round on his behalf, or he may be

passed without delay to one of our Elevators. It often happens that such men have been obliged to leave their lodgings and spend nights on the streets. Naturally their very appearance is against them when they try to get work elsewhere. Sometimes we receive news of a suitable situation for one of these poor fellows. Rather than let the man miss his chance, we reclothe him from head to heel, and send him forth unrecognised

**Quick
Clothers.**

by those who saw him enter in ragged attire an hour or two before. It is astonishing what a suit of clothes, a good meal, an encouraging word, and a brotherly handshake can do.

Where men have lost their situations through their own misdeeds, we frequently act the part of the intercessor, for the sake of their wives and families, and have again and again pleaded with success for their reinstatement. Before seeking new employers, we make quite sure that the door of the old firm is permanently closed. But, generally speaking, the bulk of the applicants we receive are from those who are the victims of sheer misfortune.

The habitually shiftless man who comes to us in the hope of being bolstered up in his laziness, soon discovers how vain is his expectation. He has to mend his ways or go. He realises this before the first interview is over, and generally acts accordingly.

**Figures for the
Thoughtful.**

Though mere figures do not convey to the mind the comprehensive and far-reaching character of the work, they may, nevertheless, serve as a basis upon which the thoughtful reader can form his opinions. During the year ending September 30th, 1903, 10,056 applications for employment were received at the Central Labour Bureau. Temporary or permanent work was found for no less than 4,862 of this number. (These returns refer exclusively to the Whitechapel Bureau.) The average number of men daily engaged in our Elevators during the same period was 643, as compared with 560 in 1902, and 453 in 1901.

Among this enormous number of cases dealt with during the year, many moving stories could be related of those who, when they knocked at our doors were friendless, penniless, and starving, but who are now, through Divine blessing, and the prompt help we have been able to afford, filling useful positions in the community.

One Sunday night, Commissioner Sturgess, the Governor of the Men's City Colony, on his arrival from his day's meetings at one of the Shelters, found a man and wife on the steps of the Labour Bureau. Sad to say, though they bore the stamp of refinement, they were quite homeless. A few kind inquiries elicited

**Educated, but
Homeless.**

this, and other information. Always practical, the Governor at once escorted them to the Hanbury Street Elevator, where two Social Officers cheerfully gave up their bed for the destitute couple. It was afterwards found that the man had been educated at good private schools, including the City of London College. His training had been all that could be desired. In due course he was articled to a professional gentleman, and for a long time his prospects were far brighter than those of the average man. In consequence of a breakdown in health he failed in business, and after enduring the long agony of a number of humiliating experiences, he was reduced to the straits described. He was very grateful for every effort put forth on his behalf, but suitable permanent employment was at the moment difficult to obtain.

Eager for work, this refined young man, though far from being robust, insisted on accepting a situation as porter, at fifteen shillings a week. Some days it was his duty to pull a truck containing two hundredweight of dry goods for one of his employer's commercial travellers; at other times he was called upon to walk many miles loaded with parcels strung together in front and behind him. He bravely plodded on, an inspiration to all who knew him. Such splendid courage in face of adversity deserved to succeed, and succeed it did. At

last a suitable opening arising, he made application for it, and, to his satisfaction, he was engaged. The gentleman under whom he still serves at one of the London Courts recently paid a glowing tribute to the character and capability of this young fellow, who, but for the kind word and outstretched hand, might have lost all hope and gone under.

I will conclude this letter by mentioning another case, which may be taken as a typical one. It is

**Fighting for
Bread.**

the old story of a bread-winner's brave fight against heavy odds, differing only from countless thousands of others by its happy sequel through contact with The Army. In his extremity the poor fellow I refer to thought of our Labour Bureau, whither he directed his steps, accompanied by his wife and little children.

Briefly, the man's tale was this. He had lost his situation as a book-keeper through the bad state of trade, and, despite his best endeavours, he was unable to find employment. Sick at heart and utterly weary, he tramped from office to office, getting more and more shabby as the days passed by. While his wife and little ones had a roof over their heads, he managed to keep up his spirits, but when their little home was brought under the auctioneer's hammer, to pay the landlord his due, the unhappy man broke down completely. Imagine the horror of the situation. Hand

in hand the little family group stepped from those rooms, no longer able to call any place by the sacred word—Home. They were now merely wanderers, and as such tramped about from day to day, trying to scrape together sufficient to enable them to spend the night in some common lodging-house.

We were struck by the man's honest bearing when he applied for work, and were happily able to get him a temporary clerkship, and in other ways to render him some help. In due course he started work, on our recommendation, with a firm in a suburban district. His hours were long and his duties most exacting, but he toiled on cheerfully, and has given his employer such satisfaction that he has sent several applications to us for men when there have been vacancies on his staff. The one-time wanderers of the streets are now enjoying all the comforts of a cosy home, and the little ones when they pray do not forget to thank God for directing their father's footsteps to The Army.

This is the sort of result that is accomplished by the work of our Labour Bureau.

Your affectionate Father,

FRANK ASPINALL,

Major.

IV.

THE ELEVATOR

Or Labour Factory.

SALVATION ARMY ELEVATOR,

BERMONDSEY, S.E.

October, 1903.

MY DEAR COUSIN,—I have thought that I should like to send you some particulars concerning the work in which I am engaged. Of course, it would have been better if you could have come and seen the Social work of The Salvation Army with your own eyes, as Albert did when he was in London before he went out to the Congo. However, as you do not see any immediate prospect of freedom from your work in Jamaica, I shall do my best to supplement the information contained in your brother's letter to you.

I am at present in charge of an institution known in The Salvation Army as an "Elevator." The work of such a place is intended to be, as its name implies, reformatory; but a considerable amount of alleviative work is also accomplished in it. An Elevator is, so to speak, a combination of workshop, home, and religious retreat. To this section of the Darkest



BIRMINGHAM RESCUE HOME.



THE FIRST STEP UPWARDS.



THE FIRST MEETING.



WOMEN'S SOCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE, LONDON.



CARDIFF RESCUE HOME.



SCENE IN MATERNITY HOME.



IN THE NURSERY, CHILDREN'S HOME.



STAFF-CAPT. SOWDEN,
Warden of Maternity Hospital.



"THE NEST" (CHILDREN'S HOME).



FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE ARMY.



BATH NIGHT IN CHILDREN'S HOME.

**Their only
Hope.**

England Scheme come from our cheap Shelters men who have been dragged down into the gutters by drink, crime, or other causes, and for whom, so far as my experience goes, there is little hope of permanent reformation, unless they undergo a change of heart. To the Elevators, also, come men who, through no fault of their own, have joined the great army of out-of-works. Sickness and slackness of trade are responsible for the state of many of the unemployed.

We have all round the world about eighty such Institutions, through which nearly twelve thousand men pass yearly. As the object of the Elevator is the same in all lands, and the methods employed have a good deal in common, I propose to describe the methods in vogue at the Elevator of which I am now in charge, and, in the order mentioned, its three main phases.

The industry followed at the Spa Road Elevator is dealing with Waste-paper. I may say, however, that the work varies in different Elevators, and comprises such trades and occupations as : Carpentry and Joinery, Firewood, Tambourine-making, Mattress-making, Saw-mills, Bakery, Cabinet-making, Sack-making, Painting, Wheelwrighting, Rag-sorting, and Tin-working.

Paper and Rag-sorting afford employment to 145 men at this Elevator, and they collect and sort and dispose of sixty tons weekly.

Six men are employed as canvassers. They arrange with the business houses of the City for the collection of their waste paper. The arrangement may mean that we have the waste paper for nothing, or we may pay something for it. This will depend on the quantity and quality of the paper, as well as on the considerateness and interest of the Firm in question. At any rate, we will suppose the necessary arrangement has

**3,000 Sacks
a Week.**

been made, and a number of sacks, varying from one to eighty, are left on the premises, and collected at regular intervals. Over three thousand such sacks are collected weekly by the men working at this Elevator alone, and five horses and carts and sixteen barrows are employed in the operation.

The men who go with a barrow to collect the paper take with them a docket, which is their authority for so doing, as well as a number of empty sacks to leave in the place of those they bring away. These men may come from almost any walk in life.

Two men pushing the same barrow may view their occupation from entirely different standpoints. One man—say an out-of-work labourer, reduced to a homeless and starving condition, may see in his employment three solid meals a day, and a warm, dry shelter at night. Another, perhaps a one-time prosperous commercial traveller, down in the world through drink or

**Alleviating and
Reforming.**

crime, has seen others like himself regain their former position through the help of God and The Salvation Army; he sees in the barrow a chance to get on to his feet again, and means to avail himself of it. These cases illustrate the alleviative and reformatory ideas, and are by no means imaginary samples.

The paper, having been collected, is then sorted in a large, well-ventilated shed, erected for the purpose. About a hundred men are employed at the sorting. These stand at long shallow trays—four men to a tray. In many cases they were met by our Officers in a starving and homeless condition on the streets at midnight, or were sent to the Elevator from the Free Breakfast at the Blackfriars Shelter. They were chiefly recruited from the most wretched of the submerged.

The contents of a waste-paper sack are very varied. One sack may contain from twenty to thirty different kinds of paper, as well as wood, string, straw, rags, cheques, postal orders; also occasionally electro-plated goods, gold pencils, rings, furs, lace goods, and other commodities that are usually kept in cardboard boxes.

The wood is sold to poor people, who make it up into halfpenny bundles; the straw is sold or used for stable litter; the string is sorted into three classes, and sold to ropemakers. Jewellery, wearing apparel, cheques and postal orders are always returned to the owners,

**Lost Jewellery
and Cheques.**

as, owing to the system in vogue, it is possible to trace the contents of each sack. I have many letters from the heads of City Firms thanking us for articles returned. Rags and paper are sold to paper manufacturers at home and abroad.

After the paper is sorted it is packed by machinery into bales, and a large proportion sent to The Salvation Army Wharf at Battersea, whence it is taken down the river, and placed on board ship for exportation to other countries, where it is made into new paper.

To each man is allotted a task, the performance of which earns for him his food and lodgings, etc. He is also allowed a cash payment for work done in excess of the allotted task.

The men live on premises adjoining the works, and are very comfortably housed. Each man has a warm bath once a week, the bath-rooms and lavatories being so fitted up as to offer every inducement to personal cleanliness.

In connection with the sleeping accommodation a system of classification is in vogue as an incentive to good behaviour and industry. The first-class sleeping accommodation consists of a dormitory, where each man is supplied with a comfortable spring-mattress, bed, and a locker; the second-class, a superior spring-bunk, with sheets and pillow-cases; the third-class, an ordinary

bunk, with American leather cover. The sleeping rooms are all warmed in the winter by means of hot-water pipes.

But the staff of foremen, who have also been submerged men, but who are now ascending the Social ladder, occupy seven small cottages, four living in each cottage. There is also a larger house in which six men are accommodated. A great desire prevails amongst the men to go into one of these "Suburban Residences," as they facetiously call the cottages.

**Suburban
Residences.**

The dining-room serves also the purpose of meeting-room and sitting-room, and contains a pianoforte, which renders good service both at the meetings and at other times, for some of the men are very clever musicians. There is also a room which is used as a library, where the men who desire quietude can sit and read, or write their letters.

The men usually stay in the Elevator for six or nine months, during which time they recover their strength and hope, and, by their own efforts, or through The Salvation Army Labour Bureau, obtain employment, which is often of a character in keeping with their lives before the consequences of their follies or misfortune overtook them. On an average two hundred men each year find waste-paper sorting in this Elevator the stepping-stone to higher things.

As I have already said, The Salvation Army considers the grace of God to be an indispensable factor in the regeneration of the Submerged Tenth, and in order to persuade the men to accept Christ as their Saviour, and to look to Him for grace to help them to carry out their newly-made resolves, meetings are held every week-night, and twice on Sundays. Although attendance at these meetings is by no means compulsory, a hundred is a small number for a week-night gathering, and the whole of the men are usually present at the Sunday services.

At the time of writing seventy-two of the men profess to be saved, and although I see them at their work and their leisure, and practically have them under my observation night and day, I do not know that one of them either does or says anything that is inconsistent with the character of a Christian. Most of them are Soldiers of The Salvation Army, and contribute out of their small earnings regularly to its funds.

**Helping One
Another.**

I propose to give you a few cases which will show the character of the alleviative and reformatory work that is accomplished by this "machinery." I could give you many similar cases, but the following will suffice.

J—— H—— had at one time a good business in a provincial town, but took to drink. This interfered with his business, and finally caused him to desert his

wife and family. He came to London, where he sank lower and lower, until he became a starving, homeless man. Whilst he was in this condition our Officers met him one cold winter's night on the Thames Embankment, and gave him a ticket for the Sunday morning Free Breakfast at the Blackfriars Shelter. At that service he expressed a desire to avail himself of The Army's proffered help, and was sent to this Elevator.

**Telling the
Truth.**

He represented himself to us as being a single man; but shortly afterwards gave his heart to God, and, at the same time, told the truth about himself. We wrote to his wife, and told her where he was. We were also able to put some work in his way, so that he was soon able to send his wife some money towards the support of herself and the children. We received letters brimful of gratitude from the poor woman for what we were doing for her repentant husband. Ultimately The Army succeeded in getting him into a situation at his old occupation, and shortly we hope he will be again in business for himself. A few days after he left the Elevator, to take up his work and be re-united to his wife, he wrote :—

“I am pleased to tell you that I arrived safely on Thursday last, and having duly handed your kind letter of introduction to the Captain of the Corps here, she and the Lieutenant soon made me welcome, and I was

**Re-united
at Last.**

also soon settled in good lodgings with a Salvation Army family. Mrs. H. and Baby did not arrive until yesterday afternoon, and the fulfilment of God's promise to me was then finally attained. We are now all happy, and at the Corps meeting this evening we all praised God for His wonderful love to us. Mrs. H. was so pleased with the meeting, and I gave my testimony with my heart full of gratitude to my Redeemer. My wife joined heartily in giving forth praise to Him for His goodness. I prayed for my dear comrades at Spa Road. May God's blessing ever rest upon you all."

Henry Brown was a clerk in the service of a Cable Company, of which his brother had at one time been the Secretary. Henry, however, became afflicted with rheumatic inflammation in his hands, and therefore lost his berth. Being unable to work at clerical employment, or to get any other occupation, he and his family became so reduced as to suffer hunger. He then sent his wife and family to her friends, applied to The Army for assistance for himself, and was sent here. After a short time we got temporary work for him at The Army Life Assurance Offices, which enabled him to send his wife some money. He then succeeded in getting a job as a book-keeper in a laundry. I have a letter of his before me as I write. It reads:—

"MY DEAR ADJUTANT,—I am afraid you must think sadly of me for not writing before this, but my only

excuse is that I have been expecting to move, and thought that I would have been able to call and see you. Anyway, I am in hopes of seeing you next Sunday evening (D.V.).

"I received a letter on the 13th inst., offering me a situation in the — Laundry, — Road, to commence work on the 15th (Monday morning), and my late employer allowed me to leave without notice, at the same time telling me that I could rely on always receiving a first-class testimonial from him. My hours are from 8.30 a.m. till 8 p.m., except Saturdays, when I leave at 5 p.m. Salary, a trifle more. My health is good. Thank God for His many mercies and blessings, and I am pleased to say that my wife is well also. Will you please give my kind regards to all old comrades, and I shall be very glad to spend an hour or two among you all next Sunday."

It is impossible to fully estimate the useful work that is accomplished by The Army's Elevators ; and, judging by the winter prospects in this country, there will be an enormous demand upon our capacities for alleviating the miseries of the destitute poor.

Wishing you God's blessing upon your work,

I am,

Your affectionate Cousin,

HARRY HENDERSON,

Adjutant.

V.

SAVING CRIMINALS.

SALVATION ARMY SHELTER,
BRADFORD,
YORKS.

October, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—You have asked me to give you some description of The Army's work amongst Criminals in London, in which I was engaged with my wife for some time, and to answer the questions you have put to me as to the need for this effort, as to whether The Salvation Army can and is accomplishing its purpose, and (perhaps most vital of all) whether the results are permanent?

First, we will look *inside* the prison. The man in the cell, having suffered the just punishment of his crime—whether committed with the deliberation of the hardened criminal, or in the fury-heat of passion, or under the horrid spell of the devil's drugs—has come to the hour of his release. That hour is the most critical of all. If ever he needed a friendly guiding

hand, it is now. Dim and unformed, there may have floated across his mind the shadow of a resolve not to come there again. But how to put it into practice—that is the question. What is he to do—except, on the very eve of his liberation, to plan again the crime which shall once more land him within prison walls?

There is, of course, another class of criminal—you may almost term him the habitual—whose utter indifference to what becomes of him renders it exceedingly difficult to help him at all, even supposing the aid to be forthcoming.

Who shall befriend the one, or prevent the other?

Man's extremity is God's opportunity—and The Army's opportunity also. The eventful morning of discharge is here, and at the gates of Pentonville,

**The Great
Opportunity.**

Wandsworth, or "the Scrubbs," The Army's representative may be found. Prior to the opening of the ponderous doors, he has managed to get a word with the

Prison Custodian—for, mind you, he is allowed now, by permission of the authorities, to take his stand *inside* the gates, while the friends and companions of the prisoner have to wait *outside*, down the road. This arrangement is altogether in favour of the Good as against the forces of Evil, for first communications have oftentimes a lasting effect one way or the other.

Here they come—some slouching shamefacedly

towards the exit, others wearing a jaunty indifference to all around. An unspoken sign from the Warder puts the Salvationist on the track of a suitable "case," and before he is well down the road the touch of a friendly

**Practical
Religion.**

hand on his shoulder is seconded by the sympathetically-spoken inquiry, "God bless you, my friend, where are you making for now? Is anyone going to meet you?"

This is followed up by an invitation to step across and have a cup of coffee—in a little room which The Army has provided for the purpose.

Sometimes you will see a man, after stepping out from jail, halt in bewilderment as to what he shall do. This offers a golden chance to the wearer of the red-banded cap, and more often than not he succeeds in his errand.

The case is rather different with the hardened and bouncing fellow yonder. See, he steps along as if he had a perfect right to the place, nodding patronisingly to the Warder, The Army Officer, and any person he comes across. He heads straight down the road, and in a few minutes is surrounded by a flock of cronies. "Wot-cher, Bill?" they cry; and, taking his thirst for granted, begin trying to pour gin and other spirits down his throat! Before nightfall the man will probably be in the hands of the police again—unless the pluck of the Prison-Gate Officer is rewarded as it deserves,

for it is a somewhat risky business to attempt to rob a poor man of his "little drop," and snatch him from the jaws of his miscalled friends.

But—and what a sigh of relief we give!—our "catch" is at breakfast. Meantime an experienced Officer has been lovingly advising him; *he prays with him*, and then gives him an order for the Prison-Gate Home, at Argyle Square, King's Cross.

Perhaps with no very clear conception of what awaits him, he knocks at the door of the Home, and is received by —, an old acquaintance. But what a changed familiar! "Why, Joe, God bless you, I am so glad——"

**A Great
Surprise.**

"Well, I never! It's Jack Smith, ain't it?"

"Yes, the same, Joe, but quite different, praise God!"

All which is perfectly natural when it is understood that the man "on the door" is a notorious criminal, now saved himself and living to save others. In short, by the time the poor jail-bird is closeted with the Officer in charge of the Home the "God bless you" of the early morning, and the word at breakfast, and the love-bordered reception have begun to work their spell, and, amid shaking sobs, he jerks out the story of his transgression.

Subsequently, he is welcomed at the dinner-table, then taken round the workshops, and introduced, and

started at the industry for which he is best fitted. After tea comes the happy salvation meeting, where, greatly to the new-comer's amazement, he hears from the lips of ex-prisoners like himself, what great things God has done for them. The period may be longer or shorter, but you may safely reckon that our capture will one night be found at the mercy-seat, where "Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks."

I must tell you about one of the most notorious criminals, as well as one of the most notable characters, that The Army has ever got hold of. It will show you better than any arguments I could adduce, the real value of our Prison work, and will I think show you something of the wise methods we adopt in this the most difficult branch of our whole Social work.

**Trained to
Steal.**

Jack Smith, to use his own words to me, was "trained from the cradle" to the profession of pick-pocket. So heavily loaded with crime was his career that he spent forty-two years in prison, and received something like 160 lashes! After his last release from a long term of penal servitude upon ticket-of-leave, he put the question to an officer of Scotland Yard, "What am I to do?" The officer thought a moment, then looked up, and replied:

"Go to The Salvation Army Prison Gate—that's the place for you! They'll do something for you."

**The Barrow
Brigade.**

Jack obeyed. Later on he testified: "The first honest shilling I ever earned was in The Salvation Army." Proving himself after a time an excellent worker, he was passed from grade to grade, being put at length on the "Barrow Brigade"—his duty being to collect in various parts of the City and bring in to the works loads of waste paper. Here was a temptation for Jack! For how many a man has been followed to the Home, to the Workshops, and his every step dogged, by the mates in crime whom he had deserted, to say nothing of the temptations from within. But Jack stood true, though up to this time he had made no profession of religion, although it is true that he had given up drink and some of his other evil habits.

So good was this man's general behaviour that people upon whom he called asked him to come when his day's work was done and clean up their premises, notwithstanding the fact that he was never above telling them what he had been, and how The Salvation Army had been the means of helping him to the path of honesty. He was all kindness to the new-comers in the Home, and especially to those whom he recognised as old penal convicts.

One Sunday night, however, hearing the challenge, "Is there a man here who dare stand up for Christ?" Jack rose with the answer, "Yes, Captain, I will!"

**A Good
Resolve.**

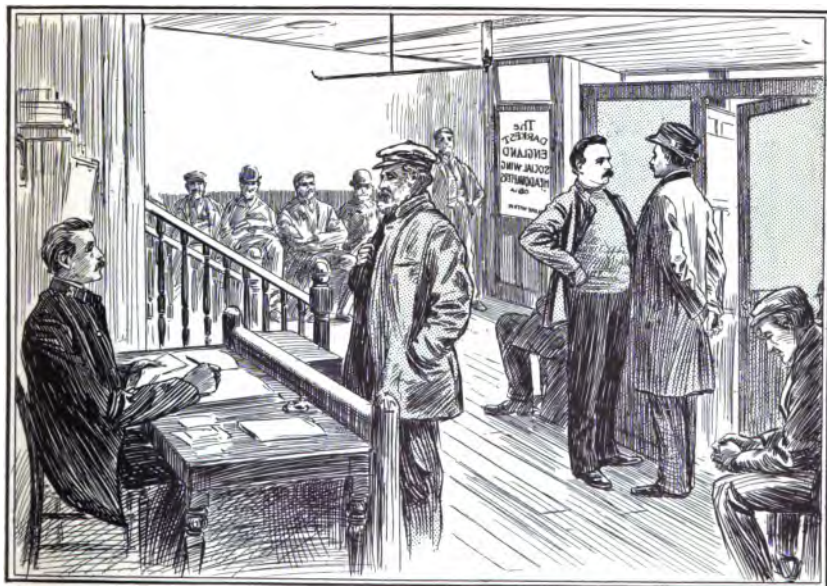
The whole place was spell-bound while Jack, weeping like a child, handed himself over to his Saviour, afterwards rising to his feet, and declaring, "Men, you see what I have done to-night? By the help of God, I will never disgrace His Name!" And he never did.

The outcome of Jack's conversion was that several long-timers, within the space of three weeks, followed his example. Among them was one W. H., a base coiner, who had suffered forty years' imprisonment; also H. B., who had thirty years to his account. W. M., a burglar, had undergone twenty years; while T. W., a forger, and many another belong to this category. Between them the five men mentioned (including Smith) had suffered 137 years' imprisonment.

With tears, those who know Jack read how his health was broken by the cruel lash, for he never really recovered from the effect of those awful stripes which marked his poor back to the end of his days. And yet, so much "gold" was there in this dear fellow's composition, that, when brought to the surface by the purifying agency of the Holy Ghost, it shone to the glory of God and the benefit of those about him. Jack has been known to take to his heart a stray kitten, and spend his few spare pence on milk for the little creature; and we have seen him go to his room and bring down his spare pair of trousers, only earned



HOME, BUT NO WORK—



AT THE LABOUR BUREAU, SEEKING FOR IT.



BAR OF A FOOD DEPOT.



DORMITORY IN AN INEBRIATES' HOME.

with the greatest difficulty, for some other ex-prisoner, with the remark, "You know, I am all right, and he is worse off than I am!"

When Jack died in faith, he was accorded a wonderful Army funeral, and at the graveside hardened criminals knelt down and gave themselves to God.

Each of the other four men whom I have mentioned by their initials only will answer the question of "Do they stand?" One of them went to a situation as a joiner; another is an Officer in our Prison-Gate

**Steadfast and
True.**

Home to-day. I left the third usefully employed in the same Institution, while the ex-forgery procured employment in a large City house. He is reconciled to his wife, both are Soldiers of Christ and The Army, and take part in the meetings held in the Home.

From numerous other cases, I may mention that of a young fellow whom I met at the prison-gate. He had served some few years for housebreaking. While in the Home he gave his heart to God; and a gentleman who saw him was so pleased that he gave him a start in his works. His first letter to me after he left the Home, ran:—

"My translation back to the world is an accomplished fact, and I thank God from the bottom of my heart for it. Next to my Maker, my thanks are due to The Army, for the helping hand extended to me on leaving prison."

Other letters are in my possession, showing how he has progressed step by step, not only from a worldly standpoint, but in usefulness for the Kingdom of God; and I heard only yesterday that a gentleman had offered to pay his college expenses if he would consent to be trained for the Christian ministry.

Need I point out that the one lever, as it is the secret, of The Army's success is LOVE? What the lash, solitary confinement, and all the punishments known to our penal system cannot and never will accomplish, love daily brings about. This element being absent from prison treatment, the prisoner usually becomes the more callous for his incarceration. The old-timer finds outside few friends to help him up, but plenty to drag him down. First offenders have usually estranged their respectable friends, and shame keeps them at a distance. The ticket-of-leaver, being a wanderer, becomes the prey of police supervision.

**Conquered by
Love.**

The Army, apart from the sentiment of love, gives it practical expression in immediate assistance—not of doles, but of a home and employment. So great is the confidence of the authorities in our ability to deal with the jail-birds, that a quiet call is often substituted for the dreaded “reporting” system under which the victim groans; and in this case, and that, the Home Secretary, on being approached, has graciously granted

immunity from further infliction of the ticket-of-leave scourge.

Think again, my dear Sir, of Jack Smith, and you will, I am sure, comprehend not only what God has enabled The Army to do for some criminals, but the immense possibilities which lie before it for multitudes of others.

Yours truly,

FRANK BARNARD,

Adjutant.

VI.

MIDNIGHT WORK.

259, MARE STREET, HACKNEY.

October, 1903.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—You ask me to tell you something about our London Midnight Rescue work. Ah, where shall I begin? Back where I began myself ten years ago? Or at what happened last night, when I paced Piccadilly for three hours after you had retired to rest?

We midnight Officers are so accustomed now to our work, and it is all so much a matter of course to us, that I hardly know how to describe it to you.

We do not generally find the girls we seek until about eleven o'clock, when the theatres are closing, and we know them at a glance as they stroll leisurely up and down the pavement under the glare of the electric light, or stand in little knots of two or three outside some public-house.

Of course, we go where the most girls are to be found, and, roughly speaking, we cover the ground

from Piccadilly down to the Circus, and up Regent Street as far as Oxford Circus.

We always take with us, besides our *War Crys*, a supply of little white tickets, reading—

*Mrs. Booth will gladly help any
girl or woman in need of a
friend.*

APPLY

259, MARE STREET, HACKNEY, N.E.,

OR

79, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET,
OXFORD STREET, W.

And if we see a girl or woman who appears to be a stranger, or whose face is unfamiliar to us, this little ticket affords us an introduction, and is generally gratefully accepted.

You will understand that with this card as a beginning, it is easy to pass on to some more personal question—whether she is used to this life; has been long in London; does not need some friend who will help her into a better means of gaining a livelihood, and so on to direct religious dealing.

I had been a Salvation Army Officer for three years when I was first sent upon midnight service, but I

had never seen such sights before ; I thought I should have dropped down dead when I comprehended all that was at the back of the work we were doing in the Homes day by day.

It seemed like attacking the devil's headquarters to pit oneself against those open triumphant forces of shameless vice, yet my heart was quickly in the work.

**Storming
Satan's Seat.**

I warmed to the fight, and loved it. For a time I was sent elsewhere, but since 1896 it has been my special task, and no new face upon Piccadilly escapes me now.

Knowledge of their faces is of itself the greatest help ; it saves one from making unfortunate mistakes, and makes it possible to find the girls who are fresh to the scene. I have found many there upon their very first night, and then they are generally grateful to be taken away from it all.

There was Jessie, for instance, a country girl of sixteen or seventeen, who had come up to her first situation in London. Her mistress found her so extremely green that she conceived the diabolical purpose of opening her eyes upon midnight Piccadilly, for the "fun" of seeing how she took it.

Later on, she and this mistress had some disagreement—the girl was told she could go. It was night, she had nowhere to go, and her money was withheld. Mindful of her terrible first lesson, she found her way

to the Circus. I saw at once she was all unused to the throng, and got her to come home with me directly.

**A Cruel
Mistress.**

She stayed with us for a few days while we wrested from her mistress the £3 10s. owing to her, when we sent her safely home.

Divine guidance for every case to whom one speaks is necessary to make midnight work a success. I did think I had made a mistake one night. I gave a girl a ticket, but her manner was that of a lady, and for once I feared I had blundered. I had not, though. She was the daughter of a member of the Stock Exchange; had been woefully deceived by a man she loved, and turned out by him on the streets to work for his benefit there. It had only just happened.

She came to us for help; we recovered all her belongings from that shameless man; she went through one of our Homes, and is living a true life to-day.

Some people think there are no lasting *results* to midnight work. What a mistake! I wish they could see a Medical Mission worker I know in the Foreign field. When I met her first it was on Piccadilly!

She hated the life, and one night came straight up to me, and said, "Will you take me home with you? If you won't, I'll go and drown myself?"

"Come with me directly," I said, linking my arm in hers. I can see her now, fluttering along in a fine silk dress, as much in earnest as any girl I ever saw.

**Not Tea, but
Beer.**

"You will have a cup of tea, won't you?" I asked, when we got in to the fire.

"N—no, thanks; I'll take a bottle of Bass's, if you don't mind."

I smiled, she said it so as a matter of course. I gave her a cup of strong beef-tea, and that seemed to answer.

She had one fear, that of being put upon needlework in the Home. "It's no good, I can't do it," she said.

In the morning I showed her a beautiful trousseau which was being prepared in the work-room. She admired it, but shook her head.

"Very nice, but *I* don't want to do any."

We saw she had it in her, but took her to it gradually, and she proved a most clever needlewoman, the greatest help in a work-room.

Of course, there were struggles and trials, difficulties and outbreaks on her part. None of them turn into saints all at once. But patience had her perfect work on our side, and God truly changed her heart, so the work was done. There are many in the distant country where she is working for God who bless Him for her

to-day, but among them there is no one more conscious than she is herself of the greatness of His mercy.

We do not always see results directly. Why, there is a woman now in one of our Homes who was spoken to and regularly visited in a gay house twelve or thirteen years ago. I daresay some of the Officers who did the work then imagined their visits vain; but she has come at last.

I remember a clergyman's daughter to whom I gave a ticket one night. She seemed unwilling to listen, but I talked to her a little, and said, "Put the card in your pocket, anyway. You may need a friend some day, and if you do we shall be glad to help you."

**A Clergyman's
Daughter.**

I neither saw nor heard of that girl for a long, long time. Then one day I walked into a work-room in one of our Homes, and there she sat!

She died a few months later, and to The Army nurse, who tended her to the last, she said, "I was saved through what Adjutant Hillyer said to me on Piccadilly that night long ago."

There was Kathleen, too. I spoke to her just outside Swan and Edgar's. One morning I was asked by the Officer who opened the letters if I knew V—— K——. I said "No." "She has asked to be allowed to enter the Home at once." I knew no such name, but when she arrived it was Kathleen.

**Midnight
Repentance.**

So convicted had the girl become that she had risen from her bed at 3 a.m. to write that letter, and run out there and then to post it, lest anything should tempt her back to sin. Part of her penitence was to sign her own name; so, naturally, I did not know it was my girl.

Kathleen is still in the same situation as we sent her to, over six years ago, and a member of a well-known suburban church.

We do see some sad sights sometimes. I picked up a girl one night who had been knocked out of a public-house by some man who had kicked her in the face as she lay in the gutter. Her face was a mass of bruises—terrible. I took her to the fountain, and washed away the blood and grime. I never saw her again; I think she was so injured about the head she was very likely not to survive it. “May,” she called herself. It seemed so inappropriate!

I remember visiting one poor girl who thought she was legally married to a man with whom she lived. He laughed at the idea; said the ceremony had been all a farce; went off to Australia, and left her to starve. She was so terribly distressed at her position that she took an overdose of opium, and died before we could help her.

I found a village girl one night who had come up from the country to marry some young fellow in town.

**Shamed Into
Suicide.**

He cajoled her into wearing a ring, and living with him in London, for a few days before the day fixed for the wedding ; but at the end of that time he decamped, and left her without either food or money.

In desperation she drifted to Piccadilly, where, a week or two later, I met her.

"If mother only knew everything," she said, "how glad she would be to have me back!"

Then I took her home with me, and over a cup of cocoa she told me her story. We had a blessed little time in the early hours of that morning ; we prayed together, and she gave herself to God. When she gave in she handed me her ring, to throw into the fire.

"That has been my curse," she said solemnly ; "he gave it me, and I have done all in order to wear that."

I sent her back to her mother a different girl.

I think the best thing I have ever done has been to take girls back to their homes and parents—certainly it is the gladdest thing ! To see them (often worn with weeping and anxiety) come out, and fling their arms around the girl, and sob, and laugh, and thank God, and bless me, all in one breath—well, it is worth remembering when one gets down-hearted !

Poor little Gertie was one of those. She had come to London very young for her first situation,

made a bad friend of an older girl, who got her to leave her place, and took her on Piccadilly one night, to "see life."

The girl went off with somebody, and left Gertie stranded on the streets alone, not knowing what in the least to do next.

Just then we passed by, and in a moment I detected the fresh face and general air of newness. As soon as I spoke she burst out crying, and at once I led her home, and gave her some supper. I kept her two or three days while I wrote to her father, who was a tradesman, and eventually took her home myself. They had been fearfully distressed about her absence from her situation, but never once thought of looking on Piccadilly for their little girl. They were grateful enough to have her back safely, I can tell you.

**Welcomed
Home.**

Some of those we find when visiting the public-houses early in the evening are ashamed to be discovered drinking. Two young married women said to me one night, "Don't think we are *accustomed* to this!"

One left her drink on the table, and came straight out with us.

We know pretty well where to find those we seek. They have certain haunts. If a bar is full of men we come out; it is the women we want.

You cannot think what store the girls set by the Midnight Suppers to which we occasionally invite them.

**Midnight
Suppers.**

(How I wish somebody would give us another! They are too expensive to have often, unless someone will pay.) They often meet me now, and say, "When are

you going to give us another party?"

A large number came home with us from the last we had, and the next day one called at my door, and said, "I've come to tell you that I'm going home; I could never stop on Piccadilly after what I heard at your supper last night."

Of course, we get some discouragements—who does not? Yet there are some disheartenments which do not always turn out to be failures in the end. Marion was one of those. She consented to leave her life, and I took her along the back streets to our Midnight Post, and put her to bed. In the morning we had prayers, and I said, "Now, Marion, you are quite willing to go?"

"Quite."

"Then carry these primroses for me," putting a huge bunch of them into her hand.

When we reached the end of the street she stood perfectly still, and would not budge for half an hour. Nothing I could say took any effect. I said, "Well, carry my flowers back for me, then," thinking I might

get her inside. She turned and accompanied me back to the door, but laid the primroses down upon the doorstep, said simply, "Thank you for all you have done," and walked off.

**Conquered
by Patience.**

A week afterwards a girl knocked at the door to say she wanted "The Salvation Army Lady." When I went out to see, it was Marion.

"If you please," she said humbly, "I'm quite willing to do what you want me to. I've tried to do wrong, and I *can't*. Been selling my clothes to keep me."

Oh, how changed that girl is to-day! She let God take right hold of her whole nature, and He transformed her. She is working for Him now, giving her life entirely to His service.

I could go on, and on, and on; but this is a long enough letter I am sure, and I have so much to do before I go out again to-night. Pray for us sometimes; we need it badly.

Yours to seek and find the lost,

HARRIETTE HILLYER,

Adjutant.

VII.

THE RESCUE HOME.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL TRAINING INSTITUTE,
CLAPTON, LONDON.

October, 1903.

MY DEAR NORA.—You could not have interested me more deeply than by your expressed desire to give your life to the service of the friendless and needy. I am only too glad to tell you all you wish to know about our Rescue Institutions. I have had seventeen years of work in them now, and hope to have as many more!

Perhaps you do not know that I did not offer myself to The Army for work amongst women. I went to the Training Home fully expecting to be sent into the Field—as we term our evangelistic and mission work. I was full of my own plans, and was disagreeably surprised one day to be told that Mrs. Bramwell Booth wanted to see me at Navarino Road, Dalston, where she had then three small Homes.

I was a little scared of coming into contact with

**Called to the
Work.**

Rescue Work, which I did not in the least understand. Judge of my surprise, then, when, instead of the interview with Mrs. Booth which I had expected, I was shown into a room in which sat fourteen girls sewing, and I was asked to spend the afternoon with them, to read and talk to them a little.

How glad I was when it was time to put on my bonnet, I cannot tell you. The whole thing mystified me, and upon my return to the Training Home I begged not to be put to work of that sort.

How long ago that seems! Longer still when I glance at my old Home "Case-book," and know that every one of the many hundreds of girls it represents is thoroughly known to me, and that I can remember many of the details of the story of each.

God wanted me in the Rescue Work—I am sure of it now—so at the close of my Cadetship I was drafted to Mrs. Booth's; then, small staff.

The first case that really impressed me, I remember, was a little flower-girl from Whitechapel—Amelia we called her. She was a wretched little creature—undersized, depraved, fierce. Her temper and bad language were beyond anything I can describe to you. It was an oath and a blow with her on the slightest provocation. Why, I have known three stand-up fights in the work-room in one morning!



"UNEMPLOYED," WOOD-CHOPPING.



HADLEIGH COLONISTS MOULDING BRICKS.



INTERIOR OF A RESCUE WORK-ROOM.



CADETS IN TRAINING FOR WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK.

Things were not then as they are now, and in those early days we Officers were winning the experience which now we use to train others.

**Oaths, Blows,
and Fights.**

But that little Amelia was the first miracle I had ever seen. She was like a frosted flower opening to the sun. The wholesome, cheery influences around her seemed to thaw her very heart; and, insensibly, she responded, developed, and was thoroughly *transformed*.

God gave me that girl's soul, and she died trusting in a living Saviour.

There was another in the Home at the same time who was most marvellously changed. I wonder if you have not heard me tell of a girl who left our care before she was converted, went back to a gay house, but carried with her the portraits of her Home Officers, cut out of *The Deliverer*, which she pasted inside the lid of her trunk, and looked at continually. That was the girl.

It was a curious thing—she never went to the theatre but the choruses and prayers of the Home echoed in her ears instead of the songs and foolish speeches really uttered; and when she looked at the stage it seemed as though her old Officers stood there and looked at her, instead of the actors and actresses. She never really grasped the meaning of a play, owing

to this curious impression. Of course, she came back to us, in answer to our prayers.

Her history was a specially sad one. She had been decoyed when quite a little girl and cradled in vice before she knew what it meant. Her very outlook upon the world was vile; yet God wholly changed her. It was a wonderful conversion. She is married, and is a happy wife and the mother of three children to-day.

**Teaching
Wild Women.**

All this does not come by magic. It means infinite patience and toil; it requires the greatest skill and the most perfect organisation; above all it demands from the Officers complete forgetfulness of self, and a real hold upon God. Nothing less will do.

Think only of teaching a wild thing to sew! I have had to put my hands over theirs, and hold the needle between their fingers, then dig it into the jerseys we taught them to mark, and count with them the lines and stitches, slowly, patiently, again and again and again, before they even grasped the idea of taking a stitch. And much that many of them learn has to be taught them just as painstakingly.

The same principle applies to the spiritual side of the work. These girls differ from everyone else, and it is just as well to grasp that fact at once. A large proportion know nothing spiritually—nothing. The

first thing that impresses them is that they "want to be good." It is not a question of *giving up sin*; that you have to teach them; they think desire is enough.

Light in the
Darkness.

People do not understand that these girls are so different from others; they wonder, for instance, that they should require to come to the penitent-form more than once. They do come there with a sincere desire to be good, but are so ignorant that they have often no idea of *coming into contact with God*. It becomes your supreme business to show them that there is a Power, superior to their own, to deliver and to keep them, and you must never rest satisfied until you have brought them into vital connection with it.

Now, does the work of a Rescue Officer begin to dawn upon you at all?

You must view each case as a progressing miracle of divine love and power. Once lose sight of this great fact, and you might as well spend your time in keeping a Penitentiary, for all the results you will see. Nothing short of the girl's salvation will really suffice. You must *get at her soul*—or fail.

Just to show you that we do thus reach them, I mention Amy X—. That girl never spoke without an oath, or some bad or unclean word. When she first began to realise the nature of sin, I used to see

her suddenly clap her hand over her mouth to stifle the wrong word. She would come out to the penitential form in some Home meeting after that, and when I bent over her to ask what was the trouble, she would say "I didn't really say it, but the *thought* of a bad word came into my mind." That girl thus began to see the real evil of sin and sought absolute deliverance. And she got it.

Then there was Molly V——. She was sent to us by a well-known philanthropist, who described her as

**The Worst of
Twelve Hundred.**

"The worst of twelve hundred girls with whom I have had to deal."

So really bad was she that I dare not, at first, trust her with the rest of the girls anywhere. I asked an Officer to make the sacrifice of sleeping in the same room with her, in order both to protect the others and to help her.

One day I was leading a meeting, and she passed to me a little paper: "I am too ashamed to speak to you," it ran; "too ashamed to come to the penitential form; but I want to do something to *show* that I am in earnest, so am writing this. If you speak to me it must be just now, or I shall never have the courage to tell you what I ought to."

I went around to her, and after a little heart-searching talk she rose and walked out to the penitential form. I shall never forget her cry of agony as she

knelt there—agony to be delivered from sin. I knew we had, by the power of the truth, got at her soul when I heard that.

**Struggling in
Tears.**

After she claimed Christ as her Saviour she would sometimes go out quietly and kneel at the form.

“What is it, Molly?” I would say.

“Oh, I’m ashamed,” she would reply. “I haven’t given way to wrong, but I’ve had the *thought*.”

I feel sure I need not remind you, that if you come to us you will often have very disagreeable work to do—work that mere sentiment, or even pity, will not carry you through.

I do not think you ever heard of our poor little Peggy. She was the child of Irish Catholics, and lived quite in the Slums. Her father forsook her; her mother died; a woman in a neighbouring court gave her shelter and an orange-box. That, on the floor, formed the only bed she ever knew.

“I’m tired of keeping you,” said the woman one day; “get out!”

So Peggy “got out” on the streets, the only place available to her. There she lived like a stray dog, picking up any scrap of food she could, raw or cooked.

One day she wandered into the outskirts of Broad Street Station, sat down, but was so faint she could not get up again. A lady passing, wondered what a

bundle was doing on the ground, stirred it, found it was a living girl, put it into a cab, and drove it to our Headquarters in Queen Victoria Street, and left it there.

**Living like a
Dog.**

A Rescue Officer was sent for, who took Peggy to one of the Hackney Homes.

First of all came the task of getting inside "the bundle." Peggy was tied up in the kilt of an old skirt, knotted here and twisted there, until it seemed as though the original human being would never be disclosed.

After this was accomplished, and her hair cut off, she was thoroughly bathed in hot water and put to bed. This of all other things Peggy resented most. She had never occupied a bed in her life, and she seemed to think it an evidence of strange cruelty on our part to ask her to retire!

To her great distress, when morning came the kilt was missing, and in its place a set of girl's clothes. Five minutes alone with these produced the funniest result. What should have been inside was outside, and Peggy was discovered adding, as a crowning ornament, a pair of corsets, which she tried to fasten on upside down as a kind of Swiss belt!

We had to teach that girl *everything*—physically, mentally, spiritually; but patience and painstaking triumphed; Peggy learned her lessons, grew acquainted

with God, loved Him, finally gave all her life to His service, and is now helping to teach other ignorant ones the ways of health, and holiness, and happiness.

You know how wonderfully successful we have been in really reforming (I use the word in its deepest sense) so large a proportion of the girls who come to us. Primarily, it is owing to our insist-

**The Reason of
Our Success.**

ence upon nothing less than personal and conscious deliverance from sin ; but even so it has been a continual matter of wonder to others engaged in the same work ; they complain to us very often of the distressing number of their failures. Now I am going to let you into the secret of our success.

Personally, I attach by far the greatest importance to the work done with our girls *after they leave the Homes*. If we ceased our care of them when they went out to service, we should have, I fear, many failures. I have by my elbow as I write to you a current record of 120 girls—not picked out, but taken just as they come—which tells where each one is, what she is doing, what was her spiritual condition when last seen or heard from, what date visited, etc. That list is taken from a record kept of every girl who passes through our hands ; on one page is her previous life-story ; on the other, “Career after leaving the Home.” It is the most important record we keep.

Everything that happens to a girl which requires notice is chronicled there, with the date on which it happened—with the steps taken by us for her welfare.

**How we follow
them up.**

Our provincial work is every year growing in size and importance. In Cardiff, Bristol, Portsmouth, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow we have had a large Women's Social work going on for years, and more lately in Liverpool, Manchester, Dundee, and Birmingham, Social centres have been established which are broadening out into undertakings of no little importance.

You will quickly see that a Provincial Home must be a Women's Social Headquarters in miniature; it must embrace a Receiving House as well as an Industrial Home; it must care for the young girl, the middle-aged woman, the little child, and the new-born baby; it must shelter the drunkard as well as the prostitute; it must train the servant as well as teach the laundry-girl or knitting-machinist.

The Provincial Home must deal with its own police-court, its special Officer attending the court regularly, all cases handed over must be instantly accepted, and carefully guarded. In Bristol, for instance, the magistrates very fully appreciate our work, and rely in many difficult cases upon our help. A special seat is reserved for our Officer in court, and it is encouraging

to note the deep interest taken by the policemen in the cases passed on to us.

Not least of all, the Officers working in our Homes must bear a share of the heavy care and responsibility of raising money for supporting them. In part, this is done by the work of the girls, and much enterprise and energy are needed to manage what is really a business.

The needlework of the Bristol Centre netted a profit of

over £400 last year. Think of the skill and training involved in attaining such a result. But, in addition to what the Homes earn, a considerable sum has to

**Magisterial
Appreciation.**

be provided from outside sources. It is no small part of the self-denial of the life we live, that we have thus to seek the help of many who do not give out of their abundance very cheerfully. But the work *has* to be done for our Saviour's sake.

Could you have stood by the side of the Warden of our Bristol Home a short time ago, as she conducted the funeral service of a village girl, you would have had a glimpse into a cheering side of a Provincial Rescue Officer's life. The girl was a rough, wilful, wild hoyden when first she came into the Warden's hands, the terror of the hamlet in which she lived, and a grief to her father, whom at times she did not scruple to fight. In the Home she was brought under the transforming grace of God, was followed by help

and counsel when she went out into service ; and when, later on, she was taken seriously ill and had to go home, she made a deep impression upon all who had known her as a naughty, unmanageable girl.

The change in her was a marvel, so much so that to her simple funeral flocked a crowd of villagers, who listened reverently to appeals made to them because they recognised to the full that so great a transformation could only be due to the power of God.

There is ample scope for all your energy, talent, and courage in the life of a Rescue Officer. Should you decide to offer yourself, seek from God a special baptism of the Spirit's love and power for your work ; this is an indispensable requirement, that you should be a woman "full of the Holy Ghost and of power."

Your friend in Christ's service,

ELIZABETH LAMBERT,

Lieut.-Colonel.

VIII.

THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

"THE NEST,"

CLAPTON, LONDON.

October, 1903.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—A few days ago you asked me a question over which I have been pondering a good deal.

I was telling you of the work in which I had been engaged, under Mrs. Booth's direction, for nearly fifteen years, and trying to interest you in "The Nest" and its forty child occupants.

Then you inquired, "What is the need for a Children's Home? Why cannot you make use of the many excellently-managed institutions already in existence?"

At the moment I had not sufficient time to enable me to answer you, but now I would like to make this point quite clear, for it is the furthest from Mrs. Booth's mind to undertake anything in connection with the Women's Social work which is not only a pressing

need, but an absolute necessity. And were it not for "The Nest," as our Home is called, we should be obliged to refuse some of the most touching and worthy appeals for help in other sections of our work.

Let us suppose, for instance—and, alas! such cases are sadly too common—that a girl is led into wrongdoing away in the provinces. She remains, probably, in her situation as long as possible, and her baby is born in the Workhouse. Her parents are willing that

**Only the
Workhouse.**

their daughter should return home for a while, but they refuse to receive the child. They cannot face the disgrace involved. What is the girl to do? Very properly, the authorities will not allow her to go from the "House" leaving her baby on the rates. Her parents' home is, therefore, closed to her.

Burdened as she now is, it is impossible for her to get a situation, and therefore the only course open to her is to remain on in the Workhouse.

To show you how little assistance is given by the authorities, I may tell you that one such girl came to us from a provincial Workhouse, and the matron who brought her actually waited till the child could be undressed, and the new unbleached calico clothes in which the poor little ten-days-old baby was wrapped could be returned.

But our Children's Home opens a door of hope for

such a girl. She may bring her baby to "The Nest," and remain here with it for a few months, taking part in the work of the house, and gaining ground in every way.

When she is ready once more to face the world and its difficulties, a situation is found for her, and she is at the same time introduced by us to a suitable nurse-mother, and proper arrangements are made for the child's future.

You can well understand that, although the young mother herself undertakes to pay whatever is possible from her wages for the care of the child, and although we do not undertake any responsibility in the matter, yet the position of both the girl and the nurse-mother are strengthened and benefited by the fact that we are behind the arrangement.

**Is the Work
Necessary?**

Again, suppose that a girl *has* succeeded in finding a home for her child and in getting a situation. The child falls ill—a common occurrence—and its mother receives a telegram: "Baby ill; come and fetch, or will bring it to you." What is she to do? She cannot ask her mistress to receive the baby, it is impossible at a moment's notice to find a new nurse-mother for a sick infant, and the poor girl and her child are both thrown helpless on the streets.

You will probably ask why such girls with their babies may not be admitted into our ordinary Rescue

Homes. A little consideration will show you, I am sure, how very unsuitable such a plan would be.

In the first place, the ordinary Rescue Home has no proper accommodation or provision for infants. The little ones need more than ordinary skill and care, and the poor young mothers are often far too inexperienced to be able to manage them.

Again, we encourage the mothers to give such attention as is possible to their children. The girls need, therefore, extra time, and have constantly to be breaking off in their work. This would prove most disastrous to the discipline of an ordinary Rescue Home, where the inmates are all treated alike, where we aim at self-support, and where everything goes with the discipline and regularity so important to the future of the inmates.

**Teaching
Mothers to Love.**

Again, as the babies need so much time and individual care, a proper nursing staff and special arrangements are absolutely necessary, and it is best in every way to focuss these into one Home.

One of our great difficulties when the girls first come to us is their absolute lack of mother-love. Often a girl will speak of her little helpless babe as "that thing," and will show no interest at all as to whether the child lives or dies. Our first duty, therefore, is to teach the girls to love their children. One mother in the Home



VISITING IN THE SLUMS.



OUTSIDE SLUM POST (EXTERIOR).



LEEDS SHELTER.



A DORMITORY AT THE LAND COLONY.



MEN'S CITY COLONY.
HEADQUARTERS.



"IS THERE WORK FOR ME?"

support. We, therefore, help these girls by allowing them to pay what they can, and we keep the little one for a few months in order to assist the mother on to her feet.

When a child is very sick and ailing, it is, of course, impossible to ask a nurse-mother (herself a poor working woman) to take it; and therefore we keep a child of this kind until its health improves, or other arrangements can be made.

And thus, if this Home is of blessing to helpless and homeless mothers, it is even more beneficial, as you will understand, to the babies themselves. For inheriting—as most of them do, poor little things!—all kinds of diseases and tendencies, they need constant skill and care if they are to be nursed into anything like health.

**Blessing the
Babies.**

Some of them have, too, not only the most shocking hereditary tendencies, but many of them come to us in a deplorable condition in consequence of having been wrongly fed, and from having been at the mercy of their young mothers, who are totally unfit for their duties. Imagine a girl of fifteen or sixteen being left to care for her two-weeks-old baby.

I have, therefore, besides my principal assistant, a woman of wide experience and resource, eight Officers—one of them a trained nurse—and four young helpers.

In addition to constant supervision during the day, one Officer is always on night duty as in a hospital, and the babies sleep together under her care in a large, well-ventilated night-nursery.

Then they scramble about during the day, and when it is warm, on a great pile of sea-sand, brought from Margate, or they run up and down the play-room, and the way in which they develop is perfectly wonderful.

**Margate In
London.**

The doctor, who visits the Home several times a week, and whose care and interest for his little patients is unceasing, speaks most favourably of our work. A few days ago he told a friend of mine that "the material on which these Officers have to work is as unfavourable from every standpoint as it is possible to imagine. Apart from what the children have inherited, they have had no moral training, have learnt no habits of decency, order, or cleanliness. They have been drugged to sleep, or frightened and cuffed into silence. Indeed, all that should have been done for them as children has *not* been done; instead they have had to endure wrongs of every kind.

"In a few weeks, however, the little inmates are entirely changed. They become round and plump, with natural sweet manners. Again and again as I leave 'The Nest,' I feel that the absolute devotion and attention given to these children and infants is beyond

all praise, and that the Home is, indeed, a wonderful place."

As an instance of the kind of child to which the doctor refers, I may mention a little girl of five years old, who was brought to us weighing under fifteen pounds, chiefly through improper feeding. Now, after three months with us, she weighs twenty-four pounds, and is rapidly gaining ground in every direction.

**Skin and
Bones.**

And now let me tell you of another class of inmates—surely, equally deserving of help—the poor little lasses so cruelly wronged and sinned against by men who have taken advantage of their childish innocence.

Two of the little girls at present in the Home had to give evidence in Court against the men who had most wickedly wronged them, and as a result the men each received a sentence of five years' imprisonment. But, meantime, what was to become of the children?

You would not put them amongst the inmates of an ordinary Rescue Home. Nor would you place them amongst other children, where they might quickly poison innocent minds; while to allow them to remain in the same surroundings, where everyone in the district knew their story, and to send them to and from the Board School with other boys and girls, would be worse than dangerous. Can you not, therefore, understand that our Children's Home meets another pressing need?

**Forgetting the
Past.**

Here, after the first interview, we never allude to the sad past of these little maids. We try to help them to forget, as an awful dream, that which is too sickening to be thought of or told. But, at the same time, *we* remember, and we keep the children under constant supervision, watching and guarding them physically and morally with a ceaseless care.

They have their housework suited to their capacity, their needlework, their games, their gardens, their dolls and their lessons, and their days are full and happy, as one look at their sweet bright faces will tell you.

Do not think, however, that we bring them up to be "ladies." The object of their training is to thoroughly fit them for useful service, and two or three of the young girls now helping in the care of the babies were once themselves children in the Home.

We also receive special preventive cases, and God has wonderfully helped us with them.

One little motherless bairn of ten years old was brought to us by her despairing father. During the two years that had passed since her mother died she had been in eighteen different homes. No one would keep her. She was "a little tigress," an inveterate truant, absolutely unmanageable. We saw that if she were not taken in hand at once, she would be ruined in a few months. So we allowed her to come. At

first she was a trouble; but now she has been here for a year, and when her father visited her two months ago, he said he could not believe she was the same child. She is most anxious to learn all she can of housework, cooking, and so on, in order that by-and-by she may "go home and take care of dada."

You know, dear friend, the secret of our success—our Officers do their work out of love for the Saviour, and love to the fallen. It is His power which changes the hearts of these poor young mothers, His grace which blesses the children. Apart from His Spirit, "The Nest" could not retain its atmosphere of peace and harmony for twenty-four hours, and therefore to the Friend of little children we ascribe all the glory for what He has helped us to accomplish.

Will you pray for us? Will you come and see us? I believe if you have read my letter thus far that your answer will be "Yes," for you will see the sad needs-be for our Rescue Home for Children.

Yours in the Kingdom,

MARIANNE ASDELL,

Major.

IX.

REFORMING DRUNKARDS.

ROOKWOOD, STAMFORD HILL.

October, 1903.

DEAR DOCTOR,—You are not alone in your opinion that women drunkards are incurable! One of the leading men in the medical world, when visiting the Women Inebriates' Home, of which I have charge, a few weeks ago, told me deliberately that "he did not believe women inebriates could be saved from the appetite and craving for drink, if they had been in its power for a certain number of years."

A gentleman who brought his wife to the Home only a short time ago said to me: "I am perfectly aware that no cure exists for a person in her condition. I only want you to take and keep her for me under a Magistrate's Order."

But after six years' experience among the very worst and most inveterate cases, I deliberately declare that women drunkards *can* be reclaimed, and be made once more into good and useful members of society.

**Can Drunkards
be Reclaimed?**

But you must clearly understand that only one Power can accomplish this miracle. And were it not for the lever of spiritual influence, for faith and love, and the transforming grace of Jesus Christ, I, for one, should abandon the work to-morrow as altogether hopeless.

I cannot imagine anything more heart-breaking than the attempt to deal with these women in one's own strength, or whilst relying upon one's own efforts and influence. Therefore, although I wish now to give you a few actual facts connected with our Home, by way of showing you that inebriate women are reclaimable—and I will also try to give you some idea of the moral and physical means which we adopt—yet please recollect that all our endeavours would be so much labour lost were it not for the transforming power of One greater than ourselves.

The inmates of this Home at the present time include widows of independent gentlemen, one formerly mayor of one of our large cities; a doctor's wife; a doctor's daughter; widow of a sea captain; wives of Government Officials; four trained nurses; a governess, a book-keeper, a dressmaker, a milliner, a barmaid, the wives of several tradesmen and mechanics, and upper servants.

You will understand that this Home is for inebriate cases only. Those who have lived immoral lives are

dealt with in our other Homes. We do not receive them here.

Now, your first question will naturally be, To what depth have these women sunk? Or, Have they only just begun to be mastered by the appetite for strong drink?

**A Doctor's
Testimony.**

I do not think I can do better than answer you in the words of our own medical man, who has constantly attended the Home for the past six years.

Only last week he said to one of my Comrades: "Unlike most other institutions of the kind, you seem to get a very small admixture of encouraging or hopeful cases. The majority of the inmates are as awkward and as bad as possible. They have nearly all gone to the very bottom before they come to you.

"Again, a large proportion have accustomed themselves not only to alcohol, but to drugs—opium, cocaine, and so on—which brings very rapid physical deterioration. Therefore your results are very remarkable. They are more than striking, they are remarkable. Under any circumstances they would be creditable. But when we consider that the material on which you work is such that it would be rejected as hopeless by many other organisations, then your results are marvellously successful."

I am quoting these words, not in order to extol our

own doings, but because I want you to recognise that even for the most hopeless and abandoned there is victory and deliverance.

For instance, let me tell you of Edith J——. She was a court dressmaker, and had been drinking heavily for twelve years. She had come down to drinking Eau de Cologne, methylated spirits with brandy, and so on. She was sent to us from the

North of England, but after one night in the Home absolutely refused to remain.

**Too Drunk to
Travel.**

For four hours we pleaded and reasoned, but she would not stay. She left, but a fortnight later we received a frantic letter from her, entreating another chance.

At first we refused, but, finally, on her writing: "I'll sign a Magistrate's Order or anything, if you will only take me," and at the entreaty of the lady interested in her case, we telegraphed that she might come.

She arrived in the most horrible state. The Officer who met her had to bring her all the way from Euston in a cab, as the railway authorities absolutely refused to allow her to enter the local trains. Indeed, as it was, two porters had to carry her from the platform to the cab, and on arriving here, the condition of her nerves was truly serious.

But that woman made a rapid recovery. She was with us twelve months, and then, after a good deal of

persuasion from us, her parents allowed her to go home on a visit. They were overjoyed at the change in her. She is now doing well in her work, all desire for drinking has gone, and she gives evidence of true conversion.

You will, perhaps, wonder how we treat these very severe cases; for often when they arrive, I see at a glance that *delirium tremens* is imminent, and that they have practically lost self-control.

I remember one such case—a lady of means, a slave to opium. I was asked to take her from another institution, where she was totally unmanageable. Poor thing! She was in a grave condition. She had not had a proper night's rest in bed for four months, and had taken as much as twelve ounces of opium in a day.

**A Slave to
Opium.**

On her arrival here I put her to bed at once, and she was not left for a single moment, night or day. I gave her homeopathic medicines every hour for forty-eight hours. She could take no solid food, so we gave her hot milk and grapes alternately for three days. Hot baths and Turkish baths also soothed her, helping her skin to act, and making her sleep. She gained ground rapidly, and in three weeks her mind was at least clear, and her general condition normal.

Another woman was brought here little better than

an idiot through drink. She was forty-nine years of age, and had lived a hard, toiling life. I must say I felt at first that mind and will were too far gone for us to be able to do much with her.

However, we kept her for fifteen months, and I never saw a greater transformation. Her whole spiritual nature seemed to reawaken, and her prayers and testimonies did us all good.

**Transformed
and Triumphant.**

When she left us she went to live with her married daughter, and there was not a trace of drink to be seen about her in any way. Now you probably suppose that the daughter would rejoice in the change, and would try to help her mother to keep right. But only last week I had a letter from the Captain of the Corps where the mother is now a Soldier, of which this is an extract:—

“I feel heartily sorry for the woman. She is continually under great temptation, her daughter going so far as to even put spirits in her mother’s tea to tempt her. Up to now (nine months) she has kept true, and attends the meetings whenever she can.”

When I first began this work, two things seemed very strange to me which now I accept as matter of course.

The first is, that most people are afraid of their drunken relatives. They have not the courage to deal

frankly and plainly with them about their sin. Indeed, again and again, a husband when bringing his wife to us, has told me that he has never spoken to her plainly about her drinking, nor even dared to broach the subject to her. But, as you know in The Salvation Army, we believe in calling a spade a spade, and we do not, if we can help it, allow people to attribute their shipwreck to anything but its real cause.

**Getting at the
Roots.**

My second surprise was that, again and again, when we sent a woman home freed from all desire for drink, and most earnestly longing to do right, her own friends became her most cruel enemies. They would so torment and tempt her to drink, and revive old thoughts in her mind, that unless she was exceptionally strong, and endowed with a Power beyond her own, she could not possibly resist.

Instead of friends rejoicing at the change—incomprehensible as it seems—they are sometimes quite as angry that these poor women should love and cling to The Salvation Army as that they should cling to the drink. Indeed on several occasions relatives have said, “I would rather have you at home drunk than with this Salvation Army craze on you.”

Yes, I am afraid I must say that the great proportion of our failures go back entirely through the unwise and often cruel dealings of their *friends*!

In spite of the wide differences in the social scale we make all our inmates happy. All share to some degree in the housework, and all take their meals together. As you will understand, considerable tact is needed to make so many apparent incongruous elements agree. But we never leave them alone, and though at first to some everything appears strange, yet the atmosphere of friendliness and love quickly wins their hearts, and they settle down most happily.

**Mistaken
Kindnesses.**

It is most beautiful to see how after a time these women help each other! A new case is welcomed right into their hearts at once. They cheer and encourage each other when downcast, pray with each other when tempted, and rejoice in a most touching way in each other's victories. Indeed, I can truly say that in many respects they do as much for each other as we can do for them. And, of course, we encourage this "help-one-another spirit" in every way.

The food provided is without stint, varied, plain, and wholesome. For nearly two years the inmates have been maintained on a vegetarian diet, and it has proved a success.

Of course, we give close attention to the cooking, serving, and so on, and we provide an abundance of fruit as well as vegetables. But you will be interested

to know that the women themselves quickly learn to recognise that they are better without flesh meat, since it acts as a stimulant, and they need none.

Although, as I have already told you, it is from the religious influence of the Home that we expect the greatest results, yet we are careful not to put a premium on hypocrisy. We do not allow the women to make any profession of religion that is not supported by

**Religious
Influence.**

their conduct, and they gain no different treatment of any kind through making any such profession. We find that, with their overwrought and unstrung nerves, it would be easy to have them all sobbing and vowing at any time; but this is not what we desire. We aim at a thorough heart-change which will influence the whole after-life and conduct.

You ask what special methods we have for impressing the inmates morally; and it would, perhaps, interest you to know that occasionally as a special privilege we allow them to go for an outing in charge of capable Officers.

One of their favourite outings is to our Women's Shelter, where, as you know, are gathered together the lowest and most degraded forms of womanhood to be found in London. They are allowed to see everything, to talk with the women, and those who are able to do so sing them a solo, or say a few words. Then, when they return here, we make the application—as you can

imagine! But, indeed, the women make it for themselves. We hardly need to say to them, "Many of these wrecks were once as good as you!" nor

**Sympathy for
Others.**

"See to what depths drink and sin will bring you if you continue in them!" They discuss the whole question among themselves, many are deeply touched by the misery they witness, and the impression made on them is very great and lasting.

You understand that since we are helping these women not to live a sheltered, easy life, but to take their places once more in the battle and to stand firm amid temptations, such practical tests as these are of the highest value to them, for they encourage and make them feel how truly they are gaining the victory over their terrible besetment.

There is one other matter which I would like to make clear to you. You say that after a woman has striven to keep right, and has failed again and again, you think it a waste of time to try to reclaim her.

But here once more I am in a position to contradict your statement. Some of our best and most successful cases have gone down more than once in the process of their reclamation. They have disappointed us, and disappointed themselves, and they have been almost ready for despair and suicide.

As you will remember, the Inebriates' Home, though

**Patience and
Perseverance.**

not in any sense a Rescue Home, is yet included in the Women's Social Scheme, and it therefore comes under the personal direction of Mrs. Booth. Now it is one of her unchanging rules that we should give even the lowest and most often fallen a chance to rise, if she so desires it. And, therefore, if there seems true and genuine repentance we never turn a woman away.

There was one case especially, I remember, in this connection. Miss Y——, who came to us from prison—quiet, gentle, and ladylike. She did not in any way look what she really was—a very hard and inveterate drinker.

After fourteen months with us she went out, promising well, and after some time in one of our Industries she took a place as lady's help. But, alas! she only kept it three months, and was returned to us, having been drunk in her situation. We found her another place, and she once again fell through drink, her master, a clergyman, most kindly bringing her back to us.

Then she found some day-work, and went to our lodging-house, where also she drank again. At last, however, after long and patient dealing with her, she claimed the victory from God, has gone back to her home in the Provinces, and has now lived a beautiful Christian life for over two years. She was sixty years



IN THE TIN WORKS AT AN ELEVATOR.



COLONISTS AT WORK ON OUR OWN BARGES ON THE THAMES.



PACKING WASTE PAPER.



HADLEIGH COLONY EMPLOYEES' DWELLINGS.



SCRUBBING A SHELTER.

old when she first came to us. Hopeless, everyone would have said—indeed, did say. But at last, though through repeated failure, we believe that God has made her conqueror.

We have no age limit. Many of our inmates, alas! are under thirty years of age, and we have had one case that was over seventy.

Before a woman is received into the Home we expect two forms to be filled up—one by herself, and one by her friends.

The Home is always open to inspection, and if you have any friends who are still sceptical as to the reformation and reclamation of these poor inebriates, I have only one request to make—"Come and see."

May God bless you very much.

Yours faithfully,

HELEN HUDSON,

Staff-Captain.

X.

IN THE SLUMS.

HOLBORN SLUM POST, LONDON.

October, 1903.

M^Y DEAR COMRADE.—When one has spent eleven years in the work of the Slums, one finds it rather difficult to mark off the last twelve months from the rest, and give a correct account of its achievements. So much that would strike or startle an outsider has become so familiar to us that we do not specially note it. A difficulty is dealt with, a need is met, and then the incident is wiped out by something else. Therefore, when called upon for a report we are tempted at first to declare that there is nothing to tell, and then we probably begin to cast about for some extraordinary thing to relate, instead of describing what would, of course, give a better idea of our everyday work ; *i.e.*, the *ordinary* events of a Slum Officer's experience.

What I think—when a request like this sets me thinking about such matters—is so wonderful, is the way God helps us to fit in to the life down here, to

feel ourselves a part of it, and to look on the men and women and children of this under-world as *our people*, whose sorrows and sins and purpose, or lack of purpose, are not foreign to us, but clear and real and understandable. We are regarded as their sisters. We are natives, and nobody either fears or suspects us.

Even the dirt and smells do not shock us as violently as they would shock the unaccustomed. And God *does* protect us from contagion in a manner which to me is one strong proof of His approval, and blessing on our consecration.

**Kept from
Contagion.**

How do we spend our time? you may ask. Well, after breakfast we go out and visit any special sick cases or homes where there is cleaning to be done, and where we are expected. The afternoon is devoted to house-to-house visitation. It is the better time for it. Women can so easily make the excuse that they are too busy before dinner, and, of course, we don't want to hinder them. In the evening we have an open-air meeting, march, and Salvation meeting in the Hall with our dear Slum Soldiers, who, in my opinion, are the cream of The Salvation Army, for they have to really fight all the time to keep themselves pure and good amid the temptations that constantly surround them. The meetings are as much to help and cheer *them* as to arrest and win others to seek salvation through Christ.

That is, briefly, an ordinary week-day programme ; but, of course, we often get called to special cases, and at certain seasons of the year we have extra work, such as the farthing breakfasts for children in the cold weather ; the outings to Epping Forest—for slum boys and girls one day, and for old women another—

**Breakfasts and
Outings.**

during the summer ; the Harvest Festival, which is, I assure you, a tremendous event in our little world ; and so on.

Our Sundays are filled from early morning till late at night. We are, in fact, hard at it all the time.

One cold day, in the course of our visiting, we were asked to go and see a poor sick woman. She was lying in a kind of small back kitchen, under some stairs, on a heap of reeking straw, with nothing on but a filthy old nightdress, and a piece of sacking for her only bed clothing. Absolutely the only other article in the room was a saucepan without a handle ; and this, turned upside down, formed a seat for a child of about three years, whose condition of dirt, hunger, and misery you may imagine, if you can. A twelve-months-old baby lay moaning fretfully beside the poor woman, whose illness was due to starvation. Her husband was dead, and she had gradually sold all their bits of furniture, gone without food till she could no longer get about, and finally lain down with the babe to die of hunger. We went home,

**The Starvation
Fiend.**

and got her some food and a few clean underclothes of our own, and, after heating water, washing her carefully and feeding her, we had her removed to the Infirmary, while the children were taken to the Workhouse.

You will say she ought to have gone there sooner, and so she should ; but many of these poor folks have a rooted conviction that if they are very ill the hospital folks will give them stuff to put them to sleep from which they will never wake again. And the most wretched will cling to life ; so they choose to starve rather than surrender their liberty. However, this poor creature was ready to agree to anything The Army proposed for her, and, of course, she found herself very comfortable and happy in the Infirmary.

One afternoon last winter a man came to my Quarters with a very dreadful story. He was out of work, and had been tramping about all day, at his wits' end what to do till somebody told him our address. A new baby had arrived early that morning, and not a drop of tea nor a mite of food had passed his sick wife's lips all day. When we reached her bedside we found her covered only with part of a sheet and an old counterpane, and the newborn baby wrapped in remnants of an old cotton nightdress ! She had provided for the little one, but her husband losing work, and the three

children crying for bread, she had parted with one thing after another, until the baby's outfit also, in one pitiful little bundle, had gone to the pawnshop. That bundle was one of the first things we got back for her, together with blankets and another sheet. The man gladly procured coal, and made a fire when we provided the money, and we were able to beg a few things and a little help to tide them over the worst time till he got work again. When she was up and about again that dear woman came to our

**Feeding the
Children.**

meetings, I expect just to please us and show her gratitude; but God had a higher purpose for her than that, and she soon came to feel her need of salvation, and sought it earnestly, with tears. She got really saved, and is still standing true.

Everybody, I suppose, knows about the farthing breakfasts for the children. There is not a great deal that is fresh to say about them, though there is no lack of freshness about the breakfasts themselves, or about the hunger which the poor mites bring with them day after day. Caring for their children, it is well known, is one of the surest ways to reach the parents' hearts, and our efforts have been repaid both in this way and by seeing increased attendances at our children's meetings, and a better condition of things among them.

As they leave their own earlier gatherings we generally tell the children to go home and invite their parents to come to the Senior meeting at eight o'clock. They do not always remember to do this, of course, and we do not learn of every result which follows when they do, but we hear sometimes. For instance, the other day a tot of about five went home, climbed on her father's knee, and said : "The Sister says you'se to go to the

**"Sister says
You Must !"**

meeting, daddy, so you must !" She persisted in this till he reluctantly promised to go, and when he did get to the Hall we quickly discovered that he was a backslider. That very night he prayed that God would restore to him the joy of salvation, and soon his wife joined hands with him on the Heavenward way. They prospered so well after that that they were presently able to move out of the Slums into a better neighbourhood.

The overcrowding is one of the most terrible evils which faces us wherever we turn. Exorbitant rents are charged for places not fit to live in, and the wretched inmates are flung out into the streets if they cannot pay. We are often appealed to for help in such times of extremity, and have sometimes succeeded in inducing the landlords to wait a few days longer for overdue rent. One day we found a nearly blind man, with a wife and three children, in two dark and wretched

underground cellars, for which they were paying 6s. 6d. a week. The man got a little money by hawking coke about the streets, and they lived in terror of being unable to retain possession even of this infested hole.

Is it any wonder that all the spirit goes out of these people? The only time they are what they regard as cheerful is when the drink is in them. And then their high spirits provoke quarrelling, and this leads to crime. I think of all street-fights the most dreadful is between two women. One day we saw two women *playing* at a fight. It was really begun in good humour, but the husband of one of them took it seriously, and, being a violent tempered man, resolved to punish his wife. As she went back into the house

**A Narrow
Escape.**

he met her with an open knife, and the next minute she rushed shrieking into the court again. He had cut her throat. The knife had just escaped an artery, and her life was only saved by prompt treatment. But—with a woman's strange yet beautiful devotion—that poor wounded creature rose from the hospital bed before she was nearly fit, to appear in court and plead for her husband. She declared that he had always been good to her, and that it was her own fault this had happened, and the result was the man got off with six months.

Do not think, please, that our life is all gloom and struggle. We Slum Officers taste some of the

**Some of
the Joys.**

rarest of joys in the mere pursuit of our work. One of our great rewards is to see the joy of the old people and the little children when we take them for their annual outings. They are never sure about these from one year to the next. It depends on the gifts of our friends as to whether we can take any, or how many. But so far, each year, the numbers increase, and the applicants, as you may imagine, increase even faster.

In the most miraculous and often pathetic ways, they get something to wear on *that* day, if on no other. One old woman is now carefully cherishing a pair of new cloth boots she has had given to her, "in case the Sisters take her out next Summer."

Seventy old ladies, all over sixty years of age, went for a day to the Farm Colony this Summer, leaving London at 9.30 in the morning, and getting home at nine in the evening. Oh, how those dear old souls did enjoy the good food, fresh air, and lovely scenery, to be sure. They were "girls" again, for a day. The glories of the Colony exceeded anything they had seen for years, and they will not weary of talking about it till next year's "day" arrives.

For the thousands of children taken from the London

Slums to the Forest during the bright days of 1903, we had good weather. And our children's days are always bright. No matter what the weather may have been before, or what it may become after, that day has been a good one. And the children? How I wish the dear people who help to pay might see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, the children's expressions of joy. They come clad in the most marvellous costumes; but, because the raiment is extra and better than usual, they are proud and satisfied with their appearance.

**Babies and
their Nurses.**

A little lad of about ten appeared at one of our halls dressed for the outing, bearing a baby in his arms, and with another bigger child clinging to him. The Captain expostulated, but the little chap sturdily refused to leave the baby behind. He always took care of it while mother was at work in the lead factory, and he must bring it along. The infant was really fifteen months old, but looked less than half that age. It was dirty, and very scantily dressed in a little short flannelette petticoat and frock; but the Captain only had time to seize a warm jacket from her old clothes store, and wrap it round the baby, and then, carrying it herself at the head of the quaint little procession, start for the station.

When Mrs. Colonel Hay (the Officer in charge of

our London Slum work) saw this poor mite, and heard of her brother's devotion, her mother-heart was strongly moved. She despatched a Lieutenant to her own house, with instructions to bring an outfit from her own baby's wardrobe, and soon the clothes came, and the little one was washed and arrayed in the clean, warm garments. That boy's face was a sight to remember. He is such a polite little fellow, with big, gray eyes, and he just stood lost in admiration of his baby sister. The baby, after being fed with some warm milk, began to coo and sing away in the happiest style. It was truly like new life for her. And the beauty of it is that those clothes have never been pawned. When they got home the poor mother was so delighted that she began at once to take a new pride in her baby, and now she really tries to keep it clean and tidy, as babies should be kept.

So you see we have our encouragements, and though sometimes we are tempted to feel, when a promising convert goes back to the drink, that our toil is being thrown away, yet God helps us, and we go after the wanderer again. And, by careful nursing, the weak become strong, while now and then we find such jewels for the Master's crown down here in the darkness and dirt as I believe only *are* found in such parts. And they are each one worth a lifetime of seeking; do not

**Jewels for
the Kingdom.**

you think so? Besides, think what it would be to these Slum dwellers if The Army were removed! You cannot realise, perhaps, but we can, and *they* can. We must stay to be their sisters, and do for them as He would do in our place. And when we come to the last we shall, perhaps, find more of our Slummers on the King's right side than our highest faith has expected. "The last shall be first."

Yours, living for the salvation of the poor,

LIZZIE MARSH,

Ensign.

XI.

SPADE WORK.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT,
INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS,
LONDON, E.C.

October, 1903.

DEAR SIR,—For the special benefit of some of my readers it may be necessary to assert that the members of my profession have souls. There is a story told of an undertaker who became so preoccupied in his calling that he saw in every person he met, especially when one of abnormal dimensions crossed his path, nothing but a coffin. “What size coffin will he take?” he would ask himself, and then proceed to make [mental] calculations. Everything and everybody pointed to the grave—with the undertaker! I need not add that that undertaker conducted a flourishing business. But, [for once, *I* see no copy in the Farm Colony of The Salvation Army! I only see poor Harry Winthorpe, as good-hearted a fellow as one could meet with, which in plainer English means that

he belonged to that class of fools whose wit and wealth are recklessly distributed for others' enjoyment and their own downfall.

Last week I went down to the Farm Colony of The Army to see Harry ; but could I speak to him ? Not for a world. The merriness and mirth with which he used to enliven the club had gone, and not a vestige of his former self could I trace, except his height and the pince-nez tightly entrenched on the bridge of his fine Roman nose ! When first I met him he wore the

**From the Club
to the
Potato Field.**

best-made clothes and drank the richest wines. Now he is gathering potatoes as a Colonist on General Booth's great Social Farm for the regeneration of such men as Harry Winthorpe. I had not the heart just then to recall the past, so I left my old friend at his work—spading his way back to—no ! God forbid that he should ever come up to London again lest he should be led back to the old haunts and the old ways !

I turned from Harry, and looked at the grey yawning ruins of Hadleigh Castle. There was also the Thames, bearing its mortal and immortal freights to the sea—to life or death ; loss or gain. The grass was withering. Autumn leaves, though painted with many a tint, illustrated but decay and death. No glint of sunshine blessed the landscape. The birds had no music for the Colony to-day. The rains had

soddened the ground. What was it that gripped my throat like a vice? What was it that made my heart beat faster? What was it that dimmed my eyes and turned the Colony into a whirling haze? It could not be depression. I thought and thought, and turned once more to Winthorpe, and watched him slowly pick the potatoes from the ground and throw them in the basket. And then I knew I had a soul. I was touched with the feelings of Harry Winthorpe's infirmities. Samson was shorn of his strength. Hercules was manacled. Would Winthorpe ever rise? Who or what would free him?

For hours after I roamed about the Farm, over the grazing and arable fields, and studied horseflesh, cattle-sheds, poultry-farms and piggeries, etc. ; and if one were only to judge the religion of this Army by the standard which they apply to their treatment of the dumb creation, and the order and government which mark everything about the place, the verdict would

**Systematic
Economy.**

show the hand of strong control, the mind of an economist, and direction of a high order. With Councils and Boards of Expenditure, and authority vested in Officers and Superintendents according to the position they occupy, economy is guaranteed.

The Estate is, as all the world now knows, more than a Colony. It is a Settlement, an Asylum of

Hope; and it is not stretching a point to call it a Salvation Town. Beside farming in the ordinary sense, market-gardening provides healthy and profitable labour (for the Colonists) to a little army of Winthorpes. Leigh Park Farm is set apart for beginners. I have mentioned the Poultry Colony, a particularly well-managed and remunerative adjunct. But in a township there must be industry, which is supplied here by brick-making, and contracts which the Colony take up in the district for the employment of their clients. Trade is largely self-contained, and in the stores and shops, erected, by the way, by Colony labour, you can

**Salvation
Schooling.**

get what you want. The township is provided with a flourishing School, which has already been well reported on, and is so popular with the villagers that enlargements are being discussed. There is also a Library and Reading Room. The Religious needs of the Colonists are not likely to be forgotten, and a Sunday spent at "the Colony Church"—the Meeting Hall—is an education. With decorum and devotion equal to what you find in a cathedral, the Colonists gather under The Army Flag and worship God. A striking proportion of the membership of the Corps is made up, not only of Colonists who, by the moral change in their lives, have earned the badge of Soldiership of The Army, but of families who began first as Colonists



AT THE PRISON GATE.



"COME IN, AND WELCOME!"



INMATES OF AN EX-PRISONERS' HOME—1903.



HADLEIGH COLONISTS DIGGING POTATOES.

CARTING FRUIT
FOR MARKET.



MEN'S DORMITORIES: HADLEIGH LAND COLONY.

years ago, and who are either officials of the Colony or occupying independent positions in the vicinity, and are not too proud to acknowledge the bridge that carried them over the stream of misery and want.

But a hurried summary of the agencies and departments to be found under the limited title of "Farm Colony," gives one but the barest notion of the work done, and of the moral and social results accomplished.

Let us go back to Harry Winthorpe for an illustration of the same; for, as it is with him, so it has been with others. In a nutshell, his biography is as follows. His life at the start was a bouquet, an adornment of the virtues. Though not rich, he walked along the highway that is far from the bypaths of poverty. He was placed in the office of a large,

**£10,000
to Spare.**

wealthy, and influential firm. He rose rapidly to a position of trust, without betraying any signs of the weaknesses which latterly ruined him. He stepped out

of the office one fine summer morning, never to return. He had inherited a large sum of money (£10,000), which released him from the obligations of hard work. Such was his reasoning at the time. An idle man with £10,000! The sequel—travel, sightseeing, extravagance, looseness, drink—brought him to beggary and the company of the outcast. Till he reached the lowest rung of the ladder, however, Harry Winthorpe was

counted a success, for nature had enriched him with a special fund of humour and sanguinity. If he saw clouds in his horizon of to-day, they would disappear by to-morrow. He was well read, too, and, holding "advanced" views, he could spell God without the capital letter, and, as he thought, riddle the Bible with bullets from the modern armoury of so-called science.

But an empty purse and an empty stomach are not cheerful companions to a temperament such as his on the streets of London—deserted by friends and haunted by memories—especially with the mercury registering something below freezing-point. Such arguments as these are calculated to make the infidel more than chafe, and the spendthrift think.

All day Harry Winthorpe had not put an ounce of bread between his teeth. Jewellery, apparel, and even his linen gone, he stood in one of the gay thoroughfares of London, a hungry, shivering wreck. Club door and friends' door were barred to him. True, there was a

**Following
the Flag.**

way down to the river, and he might have added a line to the list of unknowns, and supplied material for a paragraph for a humble member of my profession. But there *is* a Better Way, and Harry Winthorpe met it. It is the Salvation Way. A lilting piece of music, a waving Flag, and the tramp of Salvation Soldiers carried him to the back-seat of an Army Hall, and

there and then he met God, with a capital letter, in the spirit of a man with a soul, who gave him meat to eat, a wrap for his body, and a pass to the Farm Colony. That is ten months ago.

To-day his day's, or rather his week's, work is done. He has been gathering potatoes, and his back aches, for it was not trained to the task, and The Army has had to practise patience at a financial loss to bring him where he is now. And herein lies

**A Real
Problem.**

a problem. The man by his side could plough a field before he was eighteen, and when his week's labour is over he proudly draws a balance to his credit, and feels every inch a man. Not so with my old friend. He cannot even earn his keep. Poor Harry, who years ago thought nothing of treating us in one night to twice fourteen shillings in cigars, has not the metal in him now to earn by honest, albeit backaching, work fourteen paltry shillings!

But he is kept, and kept well, all the same; and I have consented to write, in brief, the story of Winthorpe's fall, in the hope that the practical value of the institution which is raising him will appeal to some who have the means to pay for the difference.

The Army has accepted the problem. The Colony is founded not to open brickfields and rear cattle, pigs, and poultry. Its broad acres, and all that is thereon,

are consecrated to a nobler end. The Farm Colony saves men. It snatched Winthorpe from a suicidal death. It rescued him from himself. It opened its sheltering, protecting wings to him, and defied the vultures hungry for his flesh. It brought him back to his best self. It opened his eyes to First Causes. To-day he is a Christian, and if not strong enough to pay for his board and lodging, a letter lies before me which, at least, promises a moral compensation for every farthing that he has cost his benefactors. Here is an extract :—

“I am strong enough now to resume my place in the world. I have much to learn of the things of God ; but the taste for the cursed drink is dead, and I have to-day what I was a stranger to till I knocked at these gates—peace.”

And I think I can safely add that he also knows the value of fourteen shillings, and when he next earns that sum he will be a credit to The General who devised a scheme for providing such as Winthorpe with a spade.

He has new friends, too, and I am happy to include myself as one among them who under the light which Harry's reformation has conveyed, enables me to see things in a way that I did not years ago.

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. M. NICOL,

Commissioner.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Social Scheme, it must always be remembered, is but one branch of a vast world-wide work, out of which it has grown, and by the success of which alone it has been suggested and made possible.

The Salvation Army exists to deal with that deeper degradation and intense hunger of the poor, which has come upon all nations alike, and which is, we believe, the fountain from which all the external miseries spring. Had the love of Christ prevailed amongst even Christian nations, they would not have allowed so many millions of their neighbours to become homeless and immoral. Therefore, The Army aims at forcing upon the attention of all, whether they have forgotten or have not so much as heard of Him, the Saviour crucified for the whole world.

To this end The Army applies to the propagation of the Gospel the same principles of adaptation to the existing need, of hard work, of business-like enterprise, of military discipline, precision, and devotion, which characterise the work described in this review. By means of open-air meetings and processions, bands of music, flags, uniforms, popular announcements, and every other lawful device, it continually advertises the love of Christ to the lost and hopeless, and the duty of devotion, even to death, for the salvation of others.

The teachings of The Army are limited to those great elementary truths of the Gospel which are admitted by all Christian peoples; and these it reiterates, in speech and song, in language such as the common people understand, and with a loving urgency to which millions yield.

Information as to its history, progress, and work can always be obtained from the Secretary, at the International Headquarters, Queen Victoria Street, London.

LEGACIES.

NOTICE TO FRIENDS who are about to make their WILLS, and desire to help the work of THE SALVATION ARMY.

The good intentions of some friends have been made useless in consequence of their not knowing the proper form in which a Bequest of a Legacy for charitable purposes should be inserted in their Wills.

All kinds of property, without exception, can now be legally bequeathed for charitable purposes, and the following form of legacy is recommended. Where a legacy does not consist of a certain amount of money, care should be taken to clearly identify the property, or shares, or stock (or whatever it may be) intended to be bequeathed.

"I GIVE AND BEQUEATH TO WILLIAM BOOTH, or other The General for the time being of THE SALVATION ARMY, and Director of the Darkest England Social Scheme, the sum of £..... (or) MY TWO freehold houses known as Nos. in the county of (or) my £..... ordinary stock of the London and North-Western Railway Company (or) my shares in Limited (or as the case may be) to be used or applied by him, at his discretion, for the general purposes of THE DARKEST ENGLAND SOCIAL SCHEME. And I direct the said last-mentioned legacy to be paid within twelve months after my decease."

DIRECTIONS FOR EXECUTION OF WILL.

The Will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of two witnesses, who must sign their names, addresses and occupations at the end of the Will. The best method to adopt, for a Testator to be quite sure that his Will is executed properly, is for him to take the Will and his two witnesses and go into a room and lock the door, tell the witnesses that he wants them to attest his Will, and then all three sign in the room, and let nobody go out until they have all signed.

GENERAL BOOTH will always be pleased to procure for any friends desiring to benefit The Darkest England Scheme Fund by Will or otherwise further advice, and will treat any communications made to him on the subject as strictly private and confidential.

Letters dealing with the matter should be marked Private, and addressed—

GENERAL BOOTH, 101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE FUNDS OF THE ARMY.

The Property and Funds of The Salvation Army and of the Darkest England Social Scheme are settled by Deeds enrolled in Chancery in Trust for the purposes of The Army and the Social Scheme, and for which The General for the time being is the Trustee.

The funds of The Army are of two classes:—

(a) Those which are received and expended in the various Corps throughout the world, and accounted for by Officers appointed for that purpose, who are subject to the direction and audit of Headquarters.

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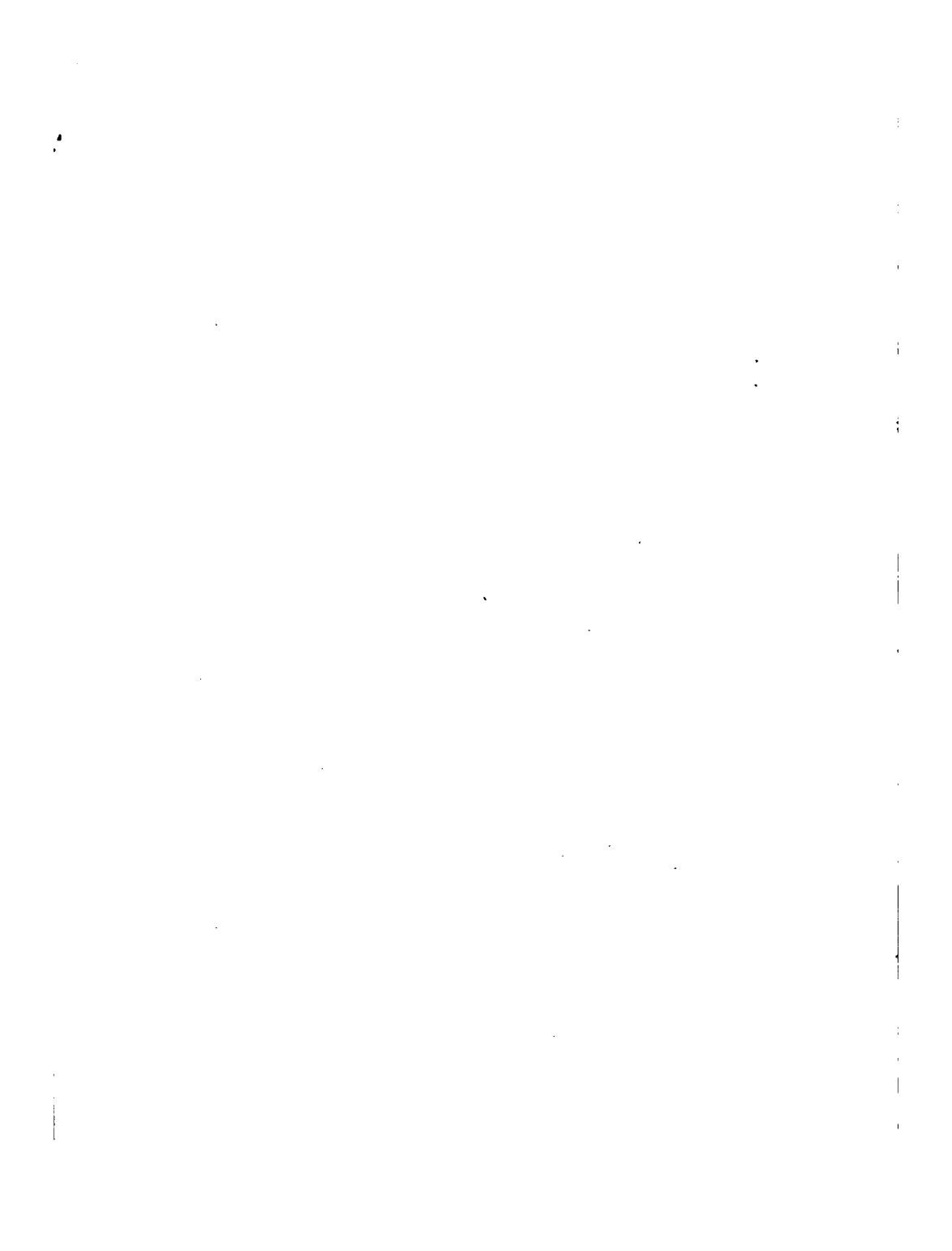
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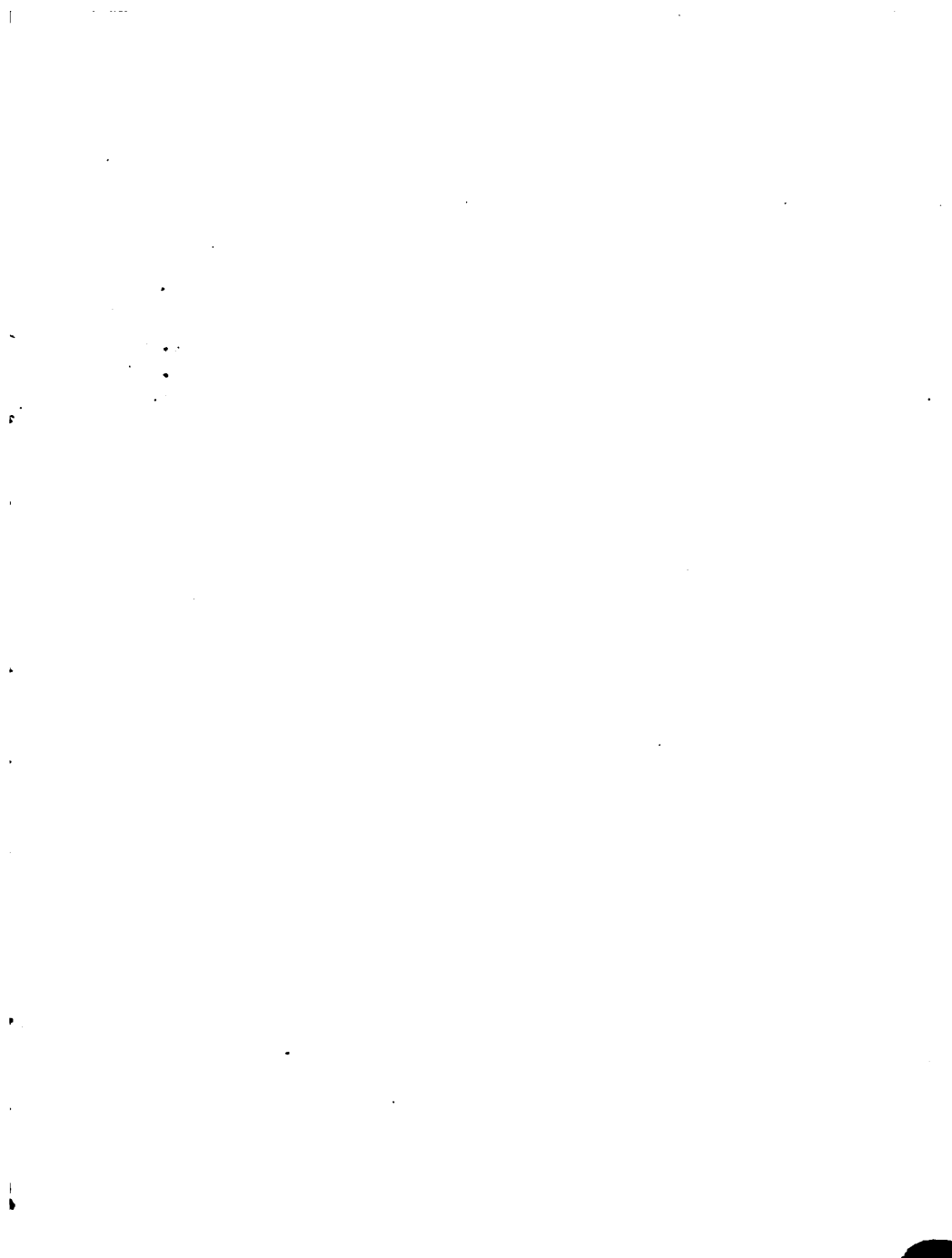
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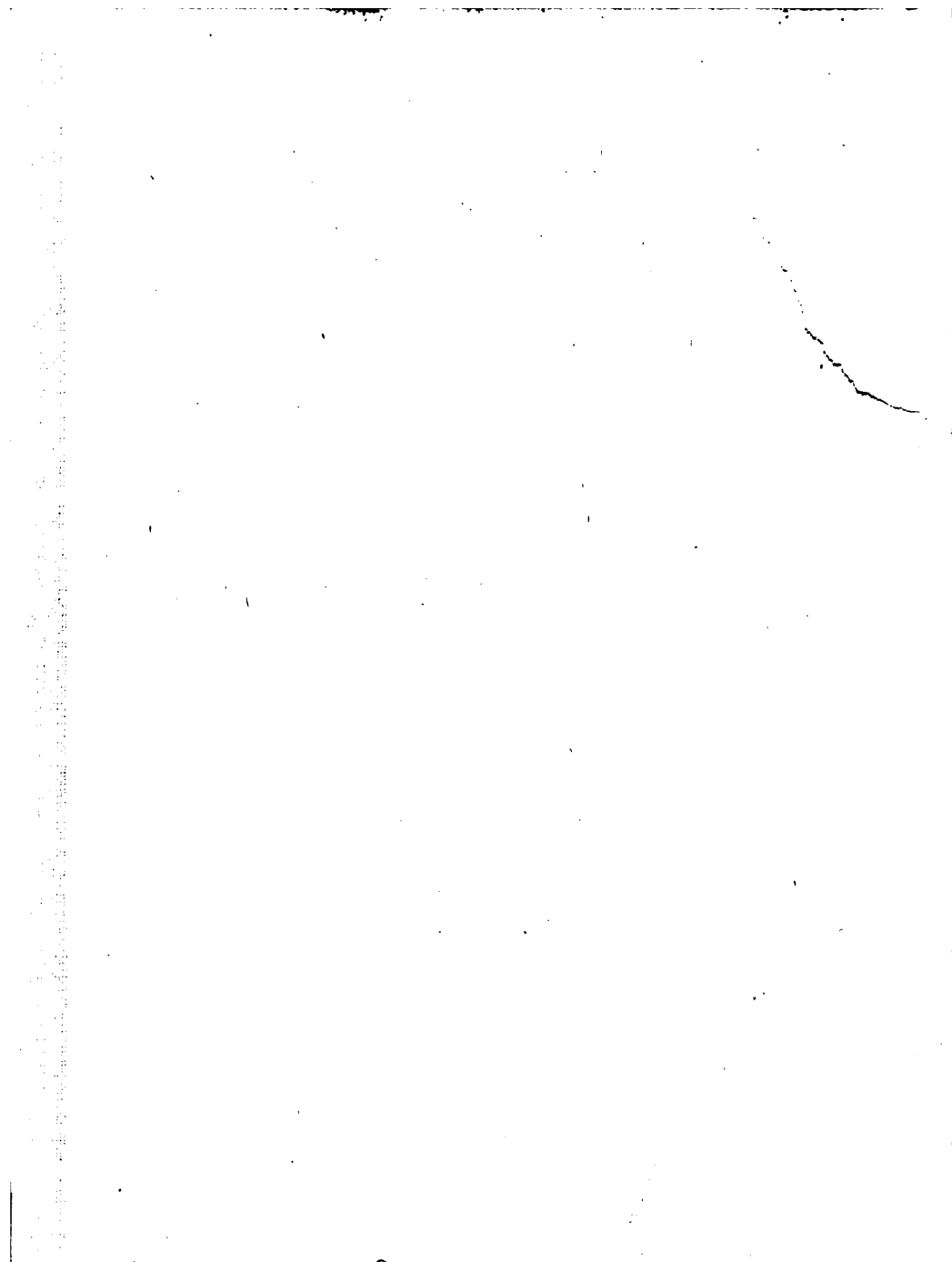
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